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Eli and Tip; Or, "Wanted, an Uncle." The Summer Adventures of Two Greenhorns in New York

By JACK MANLEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNCLE GREGORY NUMBER TWO.

It was a good ten feet from the track to the top of the street-car.

Consequently, when Eli and his by no means feather-weight burden landed, they went crashing through the frail roof of the car as if it had been so much pasteboard.

The conveyance was one of the bobtail variety which runs through Bleecker Street.

It was tolerably full, and directly under where Eli fell through a stout lady, who looked like a boarding-house cook, had planted a market-basket full of eatables, principally eggs, between her knees.

There can be but one result to a heavy body's tumbling into a basketful of eggs.

That result is fatal to the eggs.

In the present instance it was productive of certain side-issues as well. Under the sudden pressure of Eli Skillings's body, the eggs went to eternal smash, sending a shower of albumen and yelk all about.

The passengers were plentifully bespattered, while the driver, who was coming in, armed with a car-hook and the determination to murder the individual who had wrecked his car, received a good-sized yelk directly in his eye.

This was a fortunate diversion for Eli.

It kept the driver busy attending to himself till the crowd streamed down from the platforms of the station to our friend's relief.

They dragged him out of the basket in which he was wedged before the enraged owner of the demolished hen-fruit had sufficiently recovered herself to commence vengeful operations upon him.

Then, while the young girl was removed to the nearest drug-store to be resuscitated, kind hands scraped the hero from Cuttybunk clean, and rubbed him dry with wisps of straw and handkerchiefs.

Fortunately, he had sustained no worse injury than a few bruises and scratches, and the ruin of his clothing, which was torn to rags by the jagged splinters of the broken car-roof.

The force of his fall had knocked pretty much all the wind out of him, however, and he received the congratulations of the bystanders in silence.

"My young friend," said an excited old gentleman with a fuzzy, white high hat and a carpet-bag, "you're a hero. Do you understand? I say you're a perfect hero."

And he seized Eli's hand and began shaking it as if it was a pump-handle and he was in a hurry for a drink.

"I desire to have it understood," continued the old gentleman to the crowd, "that this young man is a hero."

"Of course he is!" yelled the crowd.

"Then why don't you cheer him?"

"We will. Hip! hip! hurrah!"

And three rousing cheers rent the air.

"You'd better leave off cheering," said the driver of the bobtail, now appearing with his face dyed as yellow as a Chinaman's. "I'd like to know who's going to pay me for my car?"

"Pay you for your what?" demanded the old gentleman.

"For the damage to my car."

"But your car, my man, was damaged in the cause of humanity."

"Oh! it was, was it?"

"Yes; and you ought to be glad of it."

"Well, maybe I ought, but I don't see it in that light; somebody's got to pay for it."

"Of course."

"And it won't be me. I ain't a-going to have it stopped out of my wages, I can tell you."

"It shall not be. I will be responsible for whatever it costs."

"You will, eh?" sneered the driver. "Well, perhaps you will. But I ain't a-trusting you to-day."

And seizing Eli roughly by the arm, he continued:

"Now, then, I want you to come along with me."

"Where to?" gasped Eli, still out of breath.

"To the depot."

"What for?"

"Why, to give an account of yourself to the superintendent."

"But, I tell you, my good fellow," interrupted the old gentleman, "I will see that whatever damage has been done to your car will be made good."

"You're seeing altogether too much," said the driver, roughly. "Maybe you see some green in my eye, but I guess not. Wind ain't a-going to square me, though. Here's my security."

And he commenced to drag Eli toward his car.

This proceeding was one to which the bystanders were by no means inclined to submit.

A murmur rose, and a chorus of voices cried:

"Let the boy go."

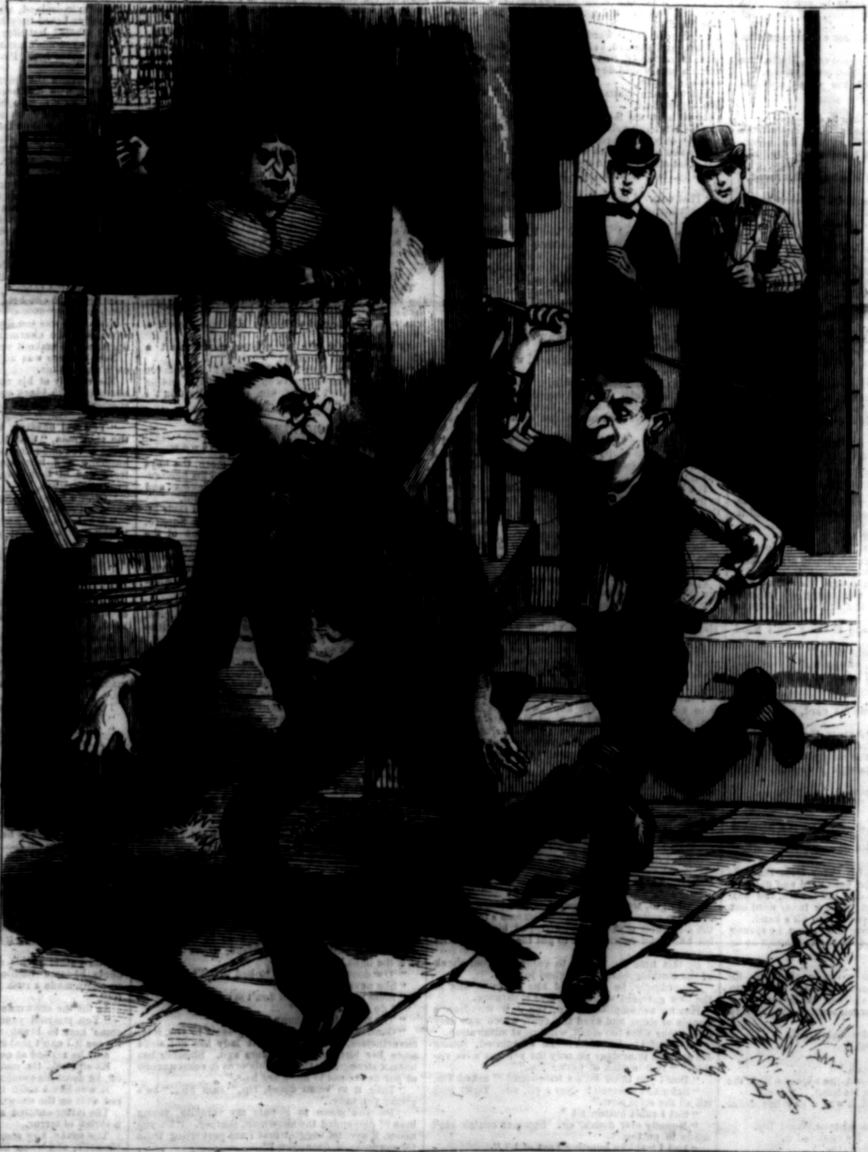
"Not much, I won't," was the reply.

"Then you've got to be made to."

And a combined rush was made upon him.

The man had to release his prisoner to defend himself, and Eli took advantage of his liberty to slip off without delay.

As he pushed his way out of the throng he felt



"'HIT ME AG'IN, IKEY! HIT ME AG'IN! HOLY FADER APRAHAM! I ASHKED HIM TWENTY-FIVE TOLLARS, AND HE PAID IT! VY TIDN'T I ASHK HIM MORE? VY TIDN'T I ASHK HIM MORE?'"

a card slipped into his hand, and the voice of the excited old gentleman said:

"This is my card, my boy. I am going away for a couple of days now. But come and see me when I get back."

Before Eli could reply, Tip, who had been keeping close to him, dragged him hurriedly away.

Just in time to escape half a dozen policemen, who had come up, attracted by the commotion.

The mob scattered at their approach, and the driver explained his grievances to them.

They were about to go in search of the now vanished offender, when Eli's old champion repeated his offer to make the damage good.

This offer, and the card which the old gentleman extended, the driver at last professed himself satisfied with.

The crowd dispersed, the policemen went their several ways, and the damaged bobtail rolled away, followed by a long string of other cars, which the delay had blockaded the track with.

Tip, meanwhile, in order to remove his friend from the view of the police, had pulled him into the first store they came to.

This happened to be the very druggist's establishment to which the young lady had been carried.

In the little private room behind the shop they found her sitting up, attended by her friend.

There was a third person in the room, whom the boys recollected to have seen on the elevated platform, and on whom they gazed with some curiosity.

It was a youth of about their own ages, with a long neck, a long nose, and legs like a camel's.

This prepossessing individual was as lank as he was lengthy, while his hair was of so light a color that it looked like straw.

He was attired in the height of fashion, with more chains, charms and jewelry than a servant girl on a picnic, and presented generally the aspect of a what-is-it or some other nondescript animal dressed in human attire.

When our friends entered the store, the second young girl noticed them and cried:

"Oh, Stella! there he is now."

"My preserver!" exclaimed the other.

And she endeavored to spring to her feet, but her weakness had not yet left her, and she found herself unequal to the effort.

The lank young man eyed her excitement with evident disapproval.

"For pity's sake, don't be so nervous, Stella," he said. "It is decidedly too vulgah for anything."

"Is it, indeed!" exclaimed the young lady, indignantly.

"Yaas. It is, ah, indeed."

"Then let me tell you, brother Jacob——"

"Oh! ah! I say, now, Stella," interrupted the lank young man, reproachfully, "sink the name, you know. It's ojus. It grates on my, ah, nerves."

"Why, the darned skunk's ashamed of his name," said Eli to his friend.

"Well," resumed the young lady, "I mean to say that, vulgar or not wulgar, I am grateful to the brave young gentleman who preserved my life, and I wish to speak to him."

"Of course. If you wish it, ah."

And advancing to the door the lank individual, in a voice of aristocratic languor, called:

"Now, then, young, ah, individuals, will you, ah, step this way? My sistah desires to reward you."

The boys exchanged a gain and complied.

In a few brief and well-chosen sentences the young girl thanked them.

"And to you, sir," she continued, addressing Eli, "allow me to express my endless gratitude. You came to my assistance when he who should have done so proved too cowardly."

"Ah, I say, now, Stella," interrupted the gentleman who was ashamed of *his name*.

"You had better say nothing at all."

"But coward! Coward is a, ah, hard name, you know."

"You should not deserve it, then."

"But I, ah, do not deserve it. I was not scared, I assuah you."

"What were you, then?"

"Only stupefied."

"Well, the difference isn't sufficient to argue about," said his sister, contemptuously. "I call it cowardice."

"And so do I," said her friend.

"Much you know about it," muttered the person aspersed. "But are you going, ah, to argue here all day? There is the carriage."

As he spoke a private equipage, which had evidently been sent for, as a messenger boy jumped down from the box beside the driver, rolled up to the door.

The young lady rose, and shaking Eli's hand warmly, said:

"You must promise me one thing."

"Anything you ask, miss, of course."

"You must call on me, and let me make you known to my father."

"With pleasure."

"My brother will give you his card, and do not delay your visit, mind."

And with a sweeping courtesy the young lady and her friend passed out and entered the carriage.

At the door of the store the lank youth, who had been feeling in his pockets with a dissatisfied expression, stopped.

"I say, you, ah, young person," he said.

"Are you addressing me?" asked Eli, politely.

"I believe so, ah."

"Then what, ah, can I do for you, my amiable giraffe?" asked our friend, mimicking his drawl.

"Your ah, what sah?" demanded the other, fiercely.

"Come, come," called his sister from the carriage; "give the gentleman your card and get in."

Muttering something under his breath, the lank youth pulled what seemed to be a fancy card out of his vest-pocket and shoved it into Eli's hand.

Then, without the formality of an adieu, he sprang into the carriage and called to the coachman as he slammed the door:

"Drive home!"

The boys watched the carriage off, then Eli looked at what he supposed to be the card upon which the fair unknown's address was inscribed.

At the first glance he turned scarlet, and uttered an exclamation of anger.

"What's the matter?" demanded Tip.

"The insulting scoundrel."

"Who?"

"The giraffe, there. Look."

And he showed his friend the object which the lank personage had put in his hand.

Instead of being a card it was a new five-dollar bill, folded in four folds.

"He must 'ave made ha mistake," said Tip.

"Not much he didn't. He intended it."

"But he gave you ha card, too."

"Where is it?"

"There, in your 'and."

"Not much. That's the one the old gentleman gave me."

And looking at it for the first time, he gave vent to a sharp cry of surprise.

The inscription on it read:

"Gregory Grimball, New York Hotel."

CHAPTER IX.

A VISIT TO CHATHAM STREET.

"WHY, bless my 'eart!" exclaimed Tip, snatching the card from his friend's hand, "hit's your huncle."

"That be darned!" returned Eli, disgustedly.

"But look hat the name—Gregory Grimball."

"Oh, shucks! what did the other fellow call himself?"

"What hother fellow?"

"Why, the lead-pipe man. Wasn't he my uncle, too, darn him? I tell you what it is, Tip."

"Well, what is hit?"

"It's altogether too thin."

"Too thin? What his too thin?"

"Why, too gauzy; too diaphanous; altogether too airy. Darn it, don't you understand English?"

"Yes; but I don't hunderstand Hamerican. Hit's too flowery, you know."

"Well, I mean to say you can't play any more stray uncles on me now. I'm down on 'em like a hammer on snakes in the grass."

"You don't believe that the hold gent was your huncle, then?"

"Not by a large majority."

"Well, I'll keep the card, hanyway. Hit may come 'andy some day or hother, and hit don't take hup much room in a fellow's pocket."

"Keep it, and welcome. I'd give all the cards I ever heard of for one."

"That young lady's?"

"Yes."

"But you 'aven't got hit."

"No, I haven't; but I'll find her out yet, see if I don't."

"Hif I might make a suggestion, I think you 'ad better get a better suit hof clothes hon first. Those you 'ave hon are not quite the p. c., you know, dear boy."

Eli glanced at his wardrobe.

Torn, and stained yellow from the demolished eggs, it certainly was not quite the costume in which a man would desire to present himself anywhere in public.

And to make matters more pleasant, it was the only suit he had.

It had been his Sunday suit, the pride and glory of the Cuttyhunk village tailor, and he had selected it as the only one worthy to grace his symmetrical form when he set out to astonish the New Yorkers.

"What am I going to do?" he said.

"Why, buy a new suit, hof course," returned Tip.

"That's so. I never thought of that."

Accordingly, they set out to accomplish this design.

Before they had gone a block, however, Eli's generally dilapidated appearance had attracted such attention that they were followed by a staring crowd, composed principally of street-boys, whose comments were more original than polite.

Eli stood it for a block or so, and then he halted.

"I can't stand any more of this," he said. "I'm not making a free show of myself, Tip."

"But you've got to get some clothes."

"Well, I won't with this crowd after me."

"Let hus take that 'ack, then."

And Tip signaled a passing hack, which immediately drove up to the curb.

Ensconcing themselves inside, much to the disgust of their followers, who revenged themselves by pelting the vehicle with mud, they commanded the hackman to navigate his chariot to a ready-made clothing-store.

Now, the jarvey had an acquaintance who owned one of the slop-shops which form so prominent a feature of Chatham Street, and he drove directly down-town.

The boys got out, when the hack halted, at a store in front of which a number of cheap suits waved in the wind, while a Jewish gentleman, with a voice like a cracked trombone, walked up and down calling on passers-by to come in and buy.

No sooner had Eli appeared upon the sidewalk than the Jewish individual pounced on him as a tiger pounces on its prey.

Clutching him by the arm, he yanked him into the store before he had time to breathe, crying:

"Dish ish your place, sir. Now, ten, Ikey, fetch out dat last shuit vith te tortoiseshell buttonsh. Here's a real shentleman vantsh to puy it dirt sheap, to make a call on Fifth Avenuesh in."

While Tip was staring in no little astonishment at this vigorous and business-like proceeding, another Hebraic personage, who was attending to the outside interests of the shop next door, saw him.

With a Chatham Street slop-shop shouter to see is to act, and before Tip knew what was happening, a brawny hand had dragged him into the second store as Eli had been pulled into the first.

"Now, ten, sir," said the clothing man, briskly, whipping out a tape-measure, "vat sort of a shuit is it you vant?"

"I don't want hany hat hall," responded Tip, brusquely.

"Here's te werry dientical thing to shuit your complexion, sir," continued the slop-seller, paying not the least attention to the remarks, and pulling out a coat very similar in pattern to those worn by convicts in State Prison.

"But I don't want to suit my complexion."

"Besht Scotch tweed. Shatin-lined all through. Only jusht try tish coat on, sir."

"'Ere, 'old hon, I say!"

"All right, sir. Bash your armsh up, now."

And in spite of the young Englishman's resistance the slop-shop man actually stripped his coat from his back and commenced to put the new one in its place.

By this time Tip began to enjoy the cool cheek of the clothing-dealer as a good joke.

Accordingly, he permitted him to invest him in the new garment without further resistance.

Having accomplished this, the Jew withdrew a couple of steps and eyed the coat, which was only about four sizes too small, with great admiration.

"Peautiful! Peautiful!" he ejaculated, rolling his eyes up in ecstasy till only the yellows were visible. "Itsh te pink of perfection."

"Don't you think hit's a trifle small?" asked Tip.

"Schmall! schmall! Not a pit, sir. Tight fitsh ish all the style now."

"But I can't button hit."

"Nopody efer doesh, sir. Summer coatsh ain't made to putton."

"And I feel like bursting hout of hit."

"It vill stretsh, sir; it vill stretsh."

"Do you think hit's a good fit?"

"It fitsh you like te paper on te wall. Mary! Mary!"

At this summons a fat Jewess appeared from a back room.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked.

"Only look at ie pretty coat, Mary."

"Yes; and the pretty young gentleman in it, too," said Mary, ogling Tip with a fascinating leer.

"Well, what do you want for hit?" asked Tip, hurriedly, actually blushing under the compliment.

"Seeing ash itsh you, sir, I'll let it go for twenty-five tollars," replied the dealer, unblushingly.

"I'll give you five."

"Take it, sir; take it. Put ton't tell any von, mind. I lose ten tollars on it, so help me Apraham! Put you lookah so well in it I ain't got te heart to take it off."

And before Tip, who had hoped by offering such a low price to escape the purchase, could expostulate, the coat he had worn was packed up and presented to him.

Arguing that the easiest way was the best, he paid for his new garment and left, glad to escape even at that price.

As he emerged from the store a singular apparition greeted his eyes.

It was that of a slim youth of about his own age, arrayed in a brand-new suit, which looked as if it had been made for the Kentucky giant.

"Why, hit's Skillings," exclaimed Tip. "What on hearth 'ave you been doing?"

"Buying a suit," returned Eli, proudly.

"So 'ave I. You might 'ave got one that fitted you, though."

"The man told me this one fitted me like the paper on the wall."

"So did mine."

"If he'd told you it fitted you like a sausage-skin, it would have been nearer the truth."

"Why? Is it so hawful tight?"

"Tight's no name for it."

"I tell you what we'll do, then."

"What?"

"Trade right hoff, now."

The exchange was accordingly effected on the spot, the big coat fitting snugly to Tip's plump form, while Eli's slender anatomy about filled the tight one.

"'Ow much did you give for the suit?" asked Tip.

"Twenty-five dollars."

"My man hasked me that, too, hand I hoffered 'im five."

"What did he do?"

"Why, took it, hof course."

"I wish I'd a tried it on my chap."

"Where's your hold suit?"

"Darn it! I knew I'd forgotten something. I left it in the store."

And he re-entered the slop shop, followed by Tip.

There was no one visible in the place, but the bundle which contained his old suit was on the counter.

He picked it up and was about to leave when a strange medley of sounds, which resembled the noise of some one being violently beaten, mingled with groans and lamentations, caught his ears.

It proceeded from the back yard, on which a little door in the rear of the store opened, and approaching it, they loooked out.

A singular tableau presented itself.

The proprietor of the shop was skipping around the yard in a state of excessive excitement, while his assistant, the person whom he had called Ikey, was following him, belaboring him lustily with a yardstick.

At every blow the proprietor would emit a hollow groan and exclaim:

"Hit me ag'in, Ikey! hit me ag'in! Holy fáder Apraham! I ashked him twenty-five tollars, and he paid it! Vy tidn't I ashk him more? Vy tidn't I ashk him more?"

CHAPTER X.

HOW TO BREAK UP A SIDE-SHOW.

WITHOUT waiting to ascertain more, the boys left the grief-stricken Israelite to his penitential exercises, and Eli having paid the hackman and dismissed him, they started up-town on foot.

The loud blare of a brass band attracted their attention as they passed through Chatham Square, and they found themselves in front of one of the many side-shows which exist in that locality.

This one, as an immense and gaudy canvas sign denoted, was the "Great European, Asiatic, African and American Coruscation of Wonders, Alive and Dead."

There were vast pictures all over the house of fat women, living skeletons, albinos, Circassian girls, snake-charmers and the various other curiosities which make up a popular museum.

There was also a highly-colored representation of a walking-match, in which several gorgeously-attired ladies were scudding around a track to the music of a magnificently-uniformed brass band.

It would not have been natural for our two adventurers to pass these manifold attractions by.

They paid their ten cents a head to a red-nosed man at the door, and went in.

The museum was a long apartment, whose walls were adorned by a choice collection of stuffed snakes, bugs, birds, barbarous weapons and similar curiosities.

On a platform on one side a young woman, whose long hair stuck up from her head as if it had been made of wire, was the first object to attract their attention.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Eli; "what ails that gal's hair?"

"That, gentlemen," observed an obliging showman, who overheard the remark, "is Zoe Melike, the beautiful Circassian. She is a marvel of her species. Speaks naught but her native tongue, but is intelligent, and understand English."

"What's got hinto 'er 'air?" asked Tip.

"It's her natural hirsute adornment," responded the showman. "She was born so in the native wilds of her patrimonial fatherland, where she first saw the light."

"'Ow does she hever go to bed then?"

"She never goes to bed."

"Bless my 'eart! You don't say so."

"I do, I assure you."

"'Ow does she get hany sleep?"

"Gentlemen, strange as it may seem to you, it is, nevertheless, a fact that that lady has not slept since her birth, eighteen years ago. Slumber has been a stranger to those lovely orbs in consequence of her desire not to muss her hair."

"Take it in small doses, Tip," said Eli; "he's giving you taffy."

"Do you mean to impute my veracity, young man?" demanded the showman, sharply. "Do you mean, I say, to suggest that I am perverting truth for purposes of deception?"

"Do you mean to say that gal never sleeps?"

"Yes, I do."

"Pshaw! I don't believe it."

"Oh, you don't, don't you?"

"No, I don't. I'll bet a dollar that hair is a wig."

"What's that you said, young feller?" demanded the beautiful Circassian, sharply.

"I thought you didn't speak English."

"Then you thought wrong."

"I believe you're nothing but a fraud, anyway. Take your wig off and let's see what you look like."

"I'll let you know what I feel like!" cried the fair Zoe Melike, with her eyes flashing fire.

And she raised a foot clad in a dainty number seven shoe, and delivered a tap under Eli's chin that lifted him clean off his feet.

The pilgrim from Cuttyhunk staggered back against a big cage in the middle of the room, which he upset with the violence of his contact.

"Thunder an' turf!" cried a hoarse voice from inside the cage. "What the devil are yez doin', ye omadhaun?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Eli; "what is that?"

"Faith, I'll show yez what it is," replied the voice. "Only leave me out an' I'll tache yez manners, ye blaggard."

By this time the boys saw that the speaker was a huge ape, which seemed to be struggling to get out of its overturned cage.

A tin sign on the cage denoted it to be that of the "What Is It?"

Before their amazement at finding an ape gifted with the power of speech had sufficiently subsided to permit them to speak, the voice said:

"Well, are yez going to lave me lay here all day?"

"Certainly not," responded Tip.

And they set the cage up again.

"Faith that's more comfortable," said its inmate, in accents of satisfaction. "Gimme a chew of tobaccy, sir, an' I'll forgive yez."

"Here's a dime to buy some with," replied Eli. "I don't chew. But I say!"

"Say ahead," returned the "What Is It?" putting the dime in his mouth for safe keeping.

"Where did you learn English?"

"Faith, in Ireland, where I was born."

"I never heard they had monkeys in Ireland."

"Be jabers! but they have men there!"

"Then you ain't a monkey?"

"An coorse not. I'm a 'What Is It?' Don't ye persave?"

By this time the boys saw the attention of the showman, who had been busy pacifying the beautiful Zoe Melike, who had developed a violent desire to "go for" Eli and "put a head on him," looking in their direction, so they judged it expedient to move away.

The first new thing that attracted their attention was the snake-charmer.

On the outside of the building this feature of the show was most thrillingly depicted.

A lovely young lady in a pull-back dress and a Gainsborough hat was represented in the act of struggling with a monstrous serpent about twenty times her size, surrounded on all sides by gigantic and angry reptiles, preparing to set their venomous fangs in her tender flesh.

The reality was decidedly disappointing.

A very ugly woman in an old calico gown was in a corner of the room.

In her hand she held a black snake about three feet long.

The snake was too sleepy and lazy to even squirm much, and the charmer had to tickle it with her finger-nail to make it wriggle.

Now if there was anything Eli was an authority on it was snakes.

The vicinity of his native village was especially abundant with black snakes, and he recognized the species of the one the charmer was manipulating at once.

"You will observe, ladies and gentlemen," said the showman, "that Madame Montevideo handles these envenomed and poisonous snaky reptiles with impunity and fearlessness. Yet a single scratch from one of their deadly and fatal fangs would prove disastrous."

"Oh, go slow," interrupted Eli; "there ain't any harm in them at all."

"What did you have the goodness to remark, young sir?" asked the showman, with much politeness.

"I said those snakes ain't poisonous at all."

"Perhaps you would like to handle one?" sneered the showman.

"I don't mind," was the cool reply.

And picking up a snake from the box alongside of the charmer, Eli began tickling the back of its head.

As is well known, this operation produces a sensation very agreeable to the black snake.

The one our friend held remained perfectly quiet, and permitted him to wind it around his neck and manipulate it exactly as he had seen the charmer do."

The spectators on seeing this began to murmur:

"It's a fraud," said one.

"A dead skin," remarked a second.

"A regular snide," observed a third.

"Look here, young feller," said the disgusted showman, "it's my opinion you came here to create a disturbance."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do."

"He's sent by the opposition show across the street," said another attaché of the establishment, a person with a heavy beard, whom the boys now saw to be dressed in feminine attire.

"He is, is he?" said Eli. "Well, I'd like to know who you are?"

"I'm the bearded lady."

"The bearded baboon. You're a man, you are."

"I'm what?"

"You're a man. The 'What Is It?' told me so."

"Blast that Irishman!" cried the bearded lady. "I'll teach the bog-trotting thief to give me away like this."

And gathering his skirts up till a pair of men's boots became visible underneath, the indignant curiosity made a rush for the cage of the "What Is It?"

As for the showman, he turned furiously on Eli.

"You infernal young pup," he yelled. "You come here to break up my show, do you? Well, I'll see if I can't make a break up of you."

And he rushed at our friend with clinched fists.

Eli still held the snake by the neck, and hauling off, he dealt his assailant a slap in the face with it.

It was like a slash from a whip, leaving a broad red welt on the showman's countenance.

The latter emitted a savage oath, and then gave a shriek of terror.

The snake, now aroused, had twisted a coil about his neck, and when Eli let go, wound another and another, till the showman's throat was encircled by its strangling coils.

Yelling for help, the man tried to release himself.

From the other end of the room now rose the sound of a furious fight.

The bearded lady and the "What is It?" were settling accounts, amid the applauding shouts of the audience, while the beautiful Circassian was taking advantage of the opportunity to work off an old score against the Albino woman, and most of the other curiosities were fighting.

"I guess we've done about enough harm for a while," observed Eli.

"Hit certainly happears so," replied Tip.

"Let us slide, then, before we get into trouble."

When they reached the door, a wild shout from the interior of the museum brought them to a halt.

A second later a figure darted past them, closely pursued by another.

The first apparition was the "What is It?" with half of his monkey-skin torn off, and his face distorted by fright.

The second was a brawny man, with a few rags of the silk skirt which had formed the attire of the bearded lady clinging to him.

"I'm afraid we've busted the museum, Tip," observed Eli.

"Hi am sorry to hobserve, Skillings, that hit seems very likely."

"Then there's nothing more for us to do here."

"Nothing whatever."

"We will therefore evacuate."

And they evacuated.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INTERRUPTED LOVEMAKING.

IT has already been mentioned that the mansion which Eli Skillings, Esq., and his friend Tip honored by temporarily residing in was a favorite resort of theatrical people.

There were all grades of members of the dramatic profession, from a handsome young English "leading man," whose pet insanity was that every girl he looked at fell instantaneously and hopelessly in love with him, down to a certain meagre youth of fifteen, called Patsy, who worked in the kitchen during the day, and at night acted as call-boy in a Bowery concert garden.

Patsy was a true boy, not old enough to be a fraud, yet quite old enough to "drop to" one, as he himself figuratively put it.

"I say, gents," he cried, poking his head into the room, that evening, while our two friends were discussing the events of the day.

"Say away, Patsy, my son," replied Eli, with his usual condescension.

"You'll have to kill that there poll-parrot."

"To kill him?"

"Yes, sirree. Choke him off. Put the kibosh on him. He's altogether too lively, he is."

By this time Master Patsy had insinuated himself into the room and stood grinning from ear to ear, and rubbing his scalp, on which the hair had been shaved down to the skin.

"But what has the parrot been doing?" demanded Eli.

"He's been a talking."

"Talking what?"

"I'll be darned if I know; but old Blathers says he's been abusing of him, and he's got to per-r-rish in his own gor-r-re."

And Patsy rolled his r's out like a drug-clerk manufacturing pills on contract.

"And who is old Blathers?"

"He's the feller in the wig as sits next to you, sir, at table."

"Oh, he is, is he? Well, I'll have talk with Mr. Blathers myself about it."

The gentleman alluded to was an elderly person of a very pompous manner, who wore a very juvenile wig over his bald head, who played old men in an up-town theatre.

"I wonder what the bird 'as been doing?" observed Tip.

"We'd better find out what he can do, hadn't we?" asked Eli. "Then we may be able to tell."

Accordingly they brought the parrot from a window where its cage stood to a table in the middle of the room.

The bird was a large one, with bright-green plumage and a voice like the grating of a cross-cut saw.

"Let go!" it shriked, when Eli touched the cage. "Drop it! drop it!"

And it rumbled out a string of oaths as long as a fishing-line.

"Shut up!" said Eli.

"Shut up! Dry up! Cheese it! Hold your guff!" yelled the parrot. "You're a fraud! You're a beat! You're a liar! You're a thief! You're a double-dyed, humpbacked, knock-kneed, cross-eyed, lop-eared, chuckle-headed villain! Ha, ha, ha! Hit him again, he's got no friends."

The boys stared at one another in amazement at the gifted bird's volubility, while the parrot screeched itself hoarse, and then subsided into silence.

It would be impossible to enumerate the extent and variety of Polly's phrases.

She had belonged to a former lodger in the house, who spent many an idle hour instructing her, and when he moved one night without going through the formality of settling his bill he had been unable to take her away.

Since then everybody who had lived in the room had taught her something, until she possessed a store of small talk of the most varied character.

Like most very clever creatures, Polly was decidedly ill-natured, too, and an especial object of aversion with her was a pet pug belonging to one of the ladies of the house.

This pug, probably because it was about the ugliest creature of the canine race ever created, was called Beauty.

Its mistress was a sweet young creature of thirty-five Summers or so, who wore a blonde wig, and was reported to have money, and be very soft on Mr. Blathers.

The boys learned these facts in course of certain inquiries instituted for the purpose of ascertaining in what way Polly had incurred the Honorable Mr. Blathers's ire.

All they could learn was that Mr. Blathers occupied the room beneath them, and that the parrot had probably annoyed him by its screeching.

At breakfast next day the gentleman in question treated them with great disdain.

Shortly afterward Patsy brought them a note, whose contents were:

"Mr. Blathers presents his compliments to the juvenile gentlemen in room No. 21, and requests that they remove the obnoxious and vulgar bird, of which they appear to be so fond, to some remote corner, as he, Mr. Blathers, objects to being hailed as a beat and a fraud, and treated to the other choice selections which the juvenile gentlemen have, at such pains, inculcated in the imitative mind of their feathered favorite. In case this request is not complied with, Mr. Blathers will take great pleasure in treating the juvenile gentlemen beforementioned to a little entertainment in connection with a cane, which will recall to them their school-days, and perhaps teach them manners.

"BENEDICT BLATHERS."

"Well, I never!" gasped Tip; "hand what do you think hof that?"

"Think!" responded Eli; "why, I think Mr. Blathers will wish he hadn't written it."

"What har you going to do?"

"To make him eat his words."

"Heat 'is words?"

"Just so."

And with the letter in his hand the delegate from Cuttyhunk went down-stairs.

Mr. Blathers's room-door was ajar, and the voices of people engaged in conversation were audible in the hall.

They were those of Mr. Blathers himself, and Miss Skimpleton, the gushing owner of the pug, Beauty.

"Well, blame me if he ain't making love to that old cat," whispered Eli.

"Nonsense," returned Tip.

"Only listen."

"If I could only persuade you of the depth of my devotion, dearest," said the voice of Mr. Blathers. "Behold how willingly I lay my bleeding, lacerated heart at your fairy feet."

"That's enough," said Eli. "I think we can get square with him now."

And hurrying back to the room, he removed the parrot from the cage.

The bird strove to bite him, but he held her beak firmly between his fingers, and so he carried her stealthily down the stairs.

As soon as he set her down on the hall floor, Polly cocked her head on one side and listened.

Mr. Blathers was still pouring his amorous soul out for Miss Skimpleton's benefit, and his voice attracted the bird's attention at once.

"Precious Miss Skimpleton," sighed Mr. Blathers. "I love you better than anything in life."

"You lie," observed Polly, in a low, hoarse voice.

"What was that?" exlaimed Miss Skimpleton, nervously.

"Oh, nothing," returned Mr. Blathers, who was quite deaf, and had not heard the interpolated remark. "Perhaps a responsive echo in your tender heart."

"Oh, cheese it," remarked Polly, in a louder voice. "Dry up. Shut up. You're giving her taffy."

"I certainly heard something," cried Miss Skimpleton; "some one spoke."

"Impossible! you must be mistaken."

And Mr. Blathers pushed the door open and looked out.

The boys were at the head of the stairs, out of sight, and the parrot was concealed by the door which opened outward, so he saw nothing.

"There's no one here," he said. "Your nervousness must have deceived you, dearest. However, I will close the door."

He suited the action to the word, but the transom over the door was open, and every word spoken was as audible as ever.

Polly, finding the door closed, looked for the next light place, which was the opening above it.

And to that opening she fluttered up, perching on the transom just as Mr. Blathers recommenced his love-making.

"Have you ever loved, dearest Miss Skimpleton?" inquired Mr. B., in dulcet accents.

"Loved, Mr. Blathers?" simpered Miss Skimpleton.

"Ay; has your heart ever throbbed in magnetic unison with another?"

"Mr. Blathers, you shock me."

"You lie!" croaked Polly, again.

"Sir!" cried Miss Skimpleton, starting up.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Blathers.

"I did not come here to be insulted."

"Who insulted you?"

"You did."

"I did?" ejaculated Mr. Blathers, stupefied by amazement. "In what way?"

"Do you mean to deny that you have just impugned my veracity?"

"I most certainly do."

"You're a liar!" yelled Polly, now well worked up by the excitement of the scene she viewed. "You're a beat! You're a fraud! You're a thief! You're a double-dyed, humpbacked, knock-kneed, cross-eyed, lop-eared, chuckle-headed villain!"

"Oh, such language!" cried Miss Skimpleton.

"Hit him again!" screeched the parrot, "he's got no friends. Ha, ha, ha!"

"By all that's infernal," cried Mr. Blathers, "it's that accursed parrot!"

And snatching a vase from the mantelpiece, he hurled it at Polly.

The agile bird dodged it and fluttered into the room, while the frail porcelain ornament was shattered against the door.

Now the first object Polly's eyes lighted on was Beauty, who, alarmed by the noise, had awakened from a snug slumber on the sofa.

With an angry screech the bird darted at her canine enemy, just as his mistress stooped to snatch him up and fly from the room.

By the merest accident the bird's talons fastened in Miss Skimpleton's wig, which it pulled off, leaving her head exposed and as bald as a baseball.

At the same time a pillow which Mr. Blathers aimed at the feathered intruder struck the object of his adoration and knocked her back on the sofa.

"Help! murder! help!" she shrieked.

"Police!" yelled Mr. Blathers, as the parrot dropped the blonde wig on his head, completely blinding him.

"Yes, you had better call police, you infamous ruffian, you!" screamed Miss Skimpleton.

And leaping on her unfortunate admirer like a tigress, she commenced drawing a ground-plan of the Brooklyn Devil-fish Railroad on his face with her sharp nails, while Polly, finding the coast clear, pounced on Beauty and commenced to nip patches out of his hide.

The cries of Mr. Blathers, the shrieks of Miss Skimpleton, and the agonized howlings of the pug were not long in alarming the house.

The combatants were separated with no little difficulty, and the proprietor, turning to our friends, said, with a meaning grin:

"Don't you think you had better take your parrot up-stairs?"

"Perhaps we had," chuckled Eli. "Now, then, Polly."

Polly reluctantly released the bleeding pug, tearing a strip of his skin off with her talons as a last reminder when Tip dragged her from her prey.

"Ho, ho, ho!" she croaked, as she was borne up-stairs. "We've had a high old time."

CHAPTER XII.

MR. PETER POTTS COMES TO GRIEF.

MR. BLATHERS and Miss Skimpleton left the hotel that same afternoon.

It is scarcely necessary to state, however, that they did not retire in company.

The landlord was in nowise loath to see them depart, as their affectations and airs had made them common nuisances, while the other guests hailed their going with rapturous delight.

Consequently our friends and Polly stood in high favor with all hands.

"You're a dear, delightful darling, that you are," said one of the young lady lodgers, who sang in a Pinafore company, scratching the parrot's head. "I could almost kiss you, so I could."

"Can't you perform that pleasing operation by proxy?" inquired Eli.

"Not very well," was the laughing reply. "But I'll tell you what I can do."

"What?"

"I can let you take me out for a walk after dinner."

"Enough said."

"But where do I come hin?" demanded Tip, dolefully.

"You shall have a partner, never fear."

When they strolled into the parlor after dinner they found Miss Walton there in company with another young lady of equal charms, whom she introduced as Miss Reed, another of the crew of H. M. S.

"And as soon as you are ready to sail the ocean blue, we are," she said.

"That means at once, then," responded Eli. "Let us sarah forth."

They strolled up University Place into Broadway, and before they knew it were in sight of the Madison Square Garden.

The colored lamps and the bright glare of the electric light on the roof attracted their attention, and learning what the place was, Tip suggested a visit to it.

The suggestion was acquiesced in, *nem con.*

The garden was, as usual, crowded, and the vast building resounded to the dulcet strains of Dodsworth's famous band, mingled with the rich rustle of silken skirts and the murmur of conversation which rose on the perfumed air.

In addition to the hundreds of people who were strolling about, the tables which are placed along the walks, were all occupied, as well as the boxes and tiers of seats.

At one of the tables sat a group of four persons, each with a glass of beer before him, and a cigar held at an angle of forty-five degrees between his teeth.

By their loud dress and louder conversation it was evident that these persons, who were all youths of from sixteen to eighteen, considered themselves no end of swells.

As they passed, Eli and Tip glanced at these worthies, and emitted a whistle of surprise.

One, and apparently the chief among them, was the lank youth who was ashamed of being called Peter, and whose sister Eli had rescued from death under the wheels of a train on the elevated railroad.

That party recognized them, too, and flushed up to the roots of his hair.

"Who are you whistling to?" he demanded, insolently.

"To a puppy," returned Tip. "Why don't you come when you're called?"

The party at the table greeted this repartee with a laugh, while Peter muttered something to himself, and our friends strolled on.

When they came around the next time, the beer-drinkers were still there.

The lank youth seemed to have come to an explanation with his companions, for all four greeted our little party with an impertinent stare.

"There's trouble brewing there, Tip," whispered Eli, as they passed on.

"Hit looks like hit," returned the young Englishman, in the same guarded accents.

"What are you folks conspiring about?" asked Miss Walton, gayly.

"Oh, nothing."

"You are mysterious enough about it, anyway."

"It's nothing, I assure you. Here is a vacant table. Won't you sit down and have some cream?"

The young ladies assented willingly. Who ever heard of a girl refusing an invitation to a dish of ice-cream!—that is, if she had not had enough already.

Lemonades were ordered with the cream, and they were in the full enjoyment of it when the lank youth and his party lounged by.

As they passed, the cane in the hands of the attenuated young man came in contact with one of the tall glasses of lemonade, which was upset into Miss Walton's lap.

Eli's eyes snapped at the insult, and the young lady exclaimed:

"The clumsy booby! He has ruined my dress!"

"Who's that you're calling a clumsy booby?" demanded the lank youth, stopping short.

"You," replied the high-spirited girl, indignantly. "I've a good notion to box your ears, you impertinent chit, you."

Eli turned livid with wrath, while Tip ground his teeth, and the girls stared in amazement at this brutal incivility.

"Do you happen to know you are talking to a lady?" demanded the member from Cuttyhunk, starting to his feet.

"Where is she?"

"Here, you dirty dog."

And before the lank youth comprehended his peril, the young Yankee had gripped him by the nape of the neck and jerked him down on his knees.

"Beg pardon, you hound!" he thundered, in a voice that rose above the melody of the band. "Beg, or by hookey I'll rub the face off you!"

And forcing the lank youth's face into the earth at the feet of the girl he had insulted, he rubbed it there as hard as he could.

The gravel with which the paths of the garden were laid, cut the young miscreant's face, and he yelled:

"Murder! help! let me up!"

"Not before you apologize."

"Never!"

"What! never?"

"No, never."

"Then you die here."

"I say, young chap," interposed one of the lank youth's companions.

"Well, what have you got to say?" demanded Eli, fiercely.

"I want you to let my friend go."

"Then, you may keep on wanting. When you're tired, change off and wish."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say."

"Are you going to let him up?"

"Not till he begs this lady's pardon."

"I'll die first," cried the lank youth, making the gravel fly in a cloud in his furious efforts to free himself. "Lay into him, boys."

"That we will, Pottsey," replied his friend.

And he raised the cane he carried.

As he did so Tip, who had started forward to his friend's assistance, sent his left fist on a voyage of discovery.

It made a landing directly under the chin of Peter Potts's friend.

That belligerent worthy's teeth snapped together with a force that almost sent the upper ones through the crown of his head.

He gave a yell of anguish, and tumbled backward over the railing in front of the grotto, close to which our friends' table stood.

As he fell he grabbed his two friends by the shoulders to save himself, and all three wallowed in the water, with the cascade playing down upon them.

As for Eli, he snatched up the cane which his intended assailant had dropped, and began to apply it to the seat of Mr. Peter Potts's elegant pantaloons.

"Oh, heavens!" shrieked that youth.

"Beg pardon," cried Eli.

"Oh, gracious," screamed Peter Potts.

"Apologize, you ruffian."

"Take him off," howled the person addressed. "I'll give five dollars to the man that takes him off."

The crowd which had now swarmed around only laughed at these appeals for mercy.

"Thrash him well, young gentleman," said one.

"Don't be afraid of the wood," called another.

"If you're tired, I'll help you," said a third.

"Do you give in?" demanded Eli, as a last furious blow snapped the cane in twain.

"I give in," groaned Peter Potts, appreciating the folly of further resistance.

"And you'll beg pardon?"

"Anything. Only let me up."

Eli permitted him to raise his head, still, however, keeping him on his knees, and the bystanders burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

Mr. Peter Potts certainly presented a most doleful picture.

His face was scratched and blood-stained, till it looked like a sick red monkey's, and his erst natty clothing was disheveled and torn.

"Repeat after me," said Eli, sternly. "Do you understand?"

"Oh, heavens, yes!" wailed Mr. Potts.

"Say 'Miss Walton, I am a miserable scoundrel.'"

"Oh, Lord! ain't that pretty stiff, now?"

"Say it!"

"Yes, yes! 'Miss Walton, I'm a miserable scoun—scoun—scoun——'"

"Hurry up."

"'Scoundrel.'"

"'I am such a low dog——'"

"Oh, come now!"

"'Such a low dog that I am not fit to eat the dirt you tread on.'"

Peter Potts groaned, but repeated the lesson.

"'I don't deserve to be permitted in the same building with you,'" continued Eli; "'I ought to be in a kennel, or in the drowning-cage at the dog-pound. I beg your pardon abjectly, and I hope you will forgive me.'"

With many muttered imprecations Mr. Potts repeated this lowly appeal for forgiveness after its dictator.

When he finished, Miss Walton, who was scarlet with suppressed laughter, merely said:

"That will do. You may go."

"Do you hear?" said Eli. "You may go."

And he treated Mr. Potts to a kick which sent him to take a bath with his friends in the grotto.

"Now, ladies," he said, "we have attracted enough attention for one night, haven't we?"

"Let us go, by all means," replied Miss Walton. "People stare so."

"You can scarcely blame them for that."

"Perhaps not. Do you know that fellow?"

"I met him once before."

"He is the son of old Doctor Potts, the Fifth Avenue millionaire," said a gentleman beside them, "and a more insufferable young puppy I never met."

"He won't be so ready to show his teeth for a while now, I guess," remarked Eli.

"Well, we've accomplished one thing," he continued to Tip, as they departed, "besides getting square with the giraffe."

"What do you mean?"

"We've found out who he is, and can see his sister whenever we want to."

"I ham very much mistaken hif we 'aven't done something helse, too," said Tip, gravely.

"What?"

"Made a deadly henemy."

Eli snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"That for his enmity," he said. "I'm not afraid of it."

"Nor I, for the matter hof that."

"Then let him do his worst."

"Or more, hif 'e wants to."

CHAPTER XIII.

OFF FOR CONEY ISLAND.

IF the reader supposes that Eli Skillings spent twenty-four hours in New York without finding out something about the city, he or she must make up his or her mind to be mistaken.

In point of fact, the first time that he was alone he pulled out his map and guide-book and proceeded to study the city.

To a naturally sharp-witted boy this was easy enough, and he soon made himself sufficiently conversant with the topography of New York to navigate about.

His heart swelled with pride when he had accomplished this.

Tip, in his innocence, believed him to be a regular man about town, intimately acquainted with all the ins and outs of metropolitan life, and Eli's chief ambition was to continue the deception.

"It won't do to give in and let him see I'm green," he thought. "Tip's a rattling good fellow, and I don't want him to think meanly of me."

"What ha live, clever chap that Skillings his!" said Tip to himself about the same time. "'E knows heverythink."

So, on this footing toward one another our two friends remained.

On the day succeeding that which had witnessed the insult to Miss Walton and Eli's manly resentment of it, they set out again for Coney Island.

This time Eli made himself acquainted with the road he had to take, and took it.

The two friends went down-town in a street-car, and walked from the Astor House to the Battery.

There they found that they had just missed a boat at pier one, and had half an hour to wait for another.

"Now what are we going to do?" asked Eli.

"'Ow do you mean?" demanded Tip.

"Why, we've got half an hour to wait, haven't we?"

"I believe we 'ave."

"Then how are we going to spend it?"

"Hif I 'ad my choice," said Tip, slowly.

"Well, if you had your choice?"

"I would go——"

"Where?"

"Hand get somethink to heat."

"Gracious heavens! are you hungry again?"

"I ham."

"And that peanut I gave you last week?"

"'As been devoured."

"Then let us seek further refreshment."

So they went to a corner stand, where a man in a blue-checked apron and a wideawake hat was opening clams, and commanded him to exercise his skill on the succulent bivalves for their benefit.

"Certainly, gents," reponded the owner of the wideawake, blandly. "How many do you want?"

"Just you hopen till we hadvise you to stop?" replied Tip.

"Very well, sir."

And the clam-merchant went to work.

He exercised his hands at a decidedly lively rate, but our two friends kept constantly ahead of him.

Eli ate but little, but the clams found their way down Tip's throat in a steady stream.

So much so, indeed, that the proprieter gazed on him with eyes of admiration and respect, while his friend regarded him with wonder.

After the fifth dozen had found retirement in the young Englishman's interior, Eli ventured to remark:

"Why, Tip! what do you do with 'em all?"

"With what?" asked Tip, commencing the sixth dozen.

"With the clams!"

"Why, I heat them, hof course."

"But where do you put them?"

"Hinside hof me."

"Well, blame me!" muttered Eli, "if you mustn't be hollow all the way down."

"The gent's a reg'lar goreman," remarked the smiling clam-merchant, jabbing his knife into a fresh subject.

"He's a what?" asked Eli.

"A reg'lar gore-man."

"I'd call him a reg'lar hog," observed a seedy individual, who was observing the drama from the sidewalk, and evidently wishing he had a part in it.

"Call who a regular 'og?" asked Tip, indignantly.

"Why, any man who ate six dozen clams at a lick."

"Who's heaten six dozen clams hat a lick?"

"You have."

"I 'aven't."

"You'll find you have when you come to pay for 'em," interposed the clam-dispenser, blandly. "Shall I open any more?"

"Do you mean to say I've heat six dozen?"

"You certainly have."

"Then I don't want hany more."

"Maybe your friend does?"

"No, thank you," returned Eli, politely.

"Then I'll commence to serve this gent."

And he pointed his knife at the seedy individual.

"Oh, no, you won't," returned the latter, retreating to the curbstone.

"They're only a cent apice."

"If churches were sellin' for half a cent a dozen," said the seedy stranger, solemnly, "I couldn't buy a pew-cushion."

Tip's tender susceptibilities were touched.

If there was anything in this world he liked, it was good eating, and the mere idea of any one being hungry distressed him.

Consequently, he regarded the seedy stranger with a sympathetic eye.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Oh, ain't I?"

And the dilapidated individual heaved a groaning sigh that seemed to come from an empty stomach a thousand feet deep.

"Why, I haven't had any thing to eat for seventeen weeks but a boiled oyster-shell," he continued.

"Gracious goodness!"

"No; nor nothing to drink, either."

"Bless my 'eart!"

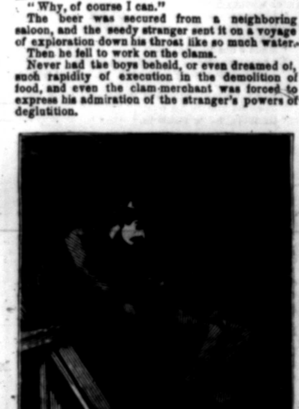
"You couldn't stand a glass of beer, could you, sir?"

"Why, of course I can."

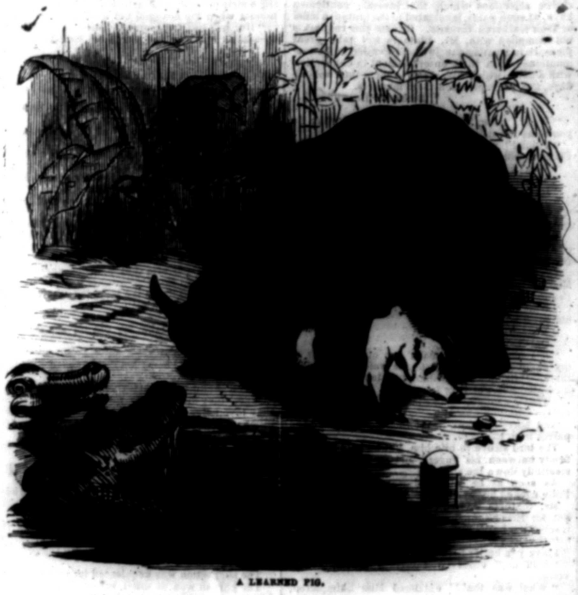
The beer was secured from a neighboring saloon, and the seedy stranger sent it on a voyage of exploration down his throat like so much water.

Then he fell to work on the clams.

Never had the boys beheld, or even dreamed of, such rapidity of execution in the demolition of food, and even the clam-merchant was forced to express his admiration of the stranger's powers of deglutition.



A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.



A LEARNED PIG.

Clam followed clam on its dark journey, and still the seedy man craved for more.

"This is the last basket," said the delighted clam-contractor, as he commenced on a new lot. "Shall I telegraph to Little Neck for another load?"

"Go ahead," responded the seedy man, calmly jabbing his fork in the salt-cellar.

"To-o-o-ot! to-o-o-ot! to-o-o-ot!"

"What's that?" cried Eli, starting as the shrill sound struck his ear.

"That!" replied the clam-vender. "Oh, that's only the Coney Island boat."

"The Coney Island boat?"

"Of course."

"Darn it! then we'll be left. Come along, Tip."

And the member from Cuttyhunk started off down the pier at a gallop.

Tip lost no time in following him.

"Here! here!" yelled the clam-merchant, dropping his knife and a half-opened clam. "Settle up before you go, young fellers."

"They'll pay when they come back," remarked the seedy stranger, grinning.

"Oh, they will, will they? Then suppose you pay for what you've eat now?"

"What with?"

"With money."

"I haven't got any."

"Then what do you eat for?"

"Because that young gent invited me."

"What young gent?"

"The one that's going to Coney Island."

"But he hasn't paid me."

"Well, he will, I guess."

"Perhaps he will," remarked the clam-man, solemnly. "But, then, perhaps he won't. So, all things considered, I guess I'd better take the price of them there clams out of your hide."

And he rushed at the seedy stranger.

But the latter was evidently accustomed to such emergencies, and was by no means taken by surprise.

Snatching up the salt-cellar, he threw its contents in the clam-merchant's face.

Blinded by the saline shower, the latter staggered back, while the seedy man, with all the rapidity his stomachful of clams permitted, made off.

Eli and Tip, meanwhile, were making for the Coney Island boat at a dead run.

Pier No. 1, North River, is a long one.

And it is obstructed by apple-stands, soda-water fountains, orange-wagons and lemonade-booths for its entire length.

Through these obstructions our friends dashed like hares pursued by huntsmen.

It mattered little to them what stood in their way, for they were bound to get over, under or around it.

Upsetting a child here, dashing a man out of their way there, demolishing an apple-stand, leaping over a lemonade barrow, tumbling down a soda-water-fountain, and dodging under a wagon, they left a swath of destruction behind them in their rapid course.

There was a great crowd at the end of the pier, but they burst through it like two thunderbolts.

The people, as is usually the case when they see any one running, immediately grasped the idea that they were flying from a policeman, and set up the cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!"

"Yell away," gasped Eli. "I'm going to fetch Coney Island or burst."

And he made a flying leap for the gangway of the boat, which was about two yards from the dock.

Tip followed close at his heels, but missed his distance and tumbled into the water.

Fortunately, he could swim, and a couple of minutes later he was fished out and landed on the steamer's deck.

"Well, we didn't miss the boat, hanyway," he gasped, as he wrung the water from his drenched clothing.

"Miss the boat, you fool," growled one of the men who had helped to fish him out. "Why, she was just coming in."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FISHING EXCURSION.

SUCH was, indeed, the case. The boat, instead of being about to depart, was just making a landing, and lay at the pier for half an hour before she steamed away.

After their late ridiculous blunder neither of the boys felt much like exhibiting themselves to the public, so they hunted up a secluded corner of the boat, where the general public was not likely to observe them.

The trip down the bay was a pleasant one, and by the time they landed at Murray & Norton's wharf they had recovered their natural good-humor.

"Bless my 'eart," remarked Tip, as they walked toward the hotel, "what a lot hof sand there his 'ere! This must be the place where they make hall the sandwiches."

"They'll be making graves soon, if you get off many more such puns," growled Eli, disgustedly.

"Well, I won't, then."

"Please don't."

"But what har we going to do now?"

"Enjoy ourselves."

"'Ow?"

"Well," said Eli, remembering something he had heard their landlord say, "there are three things to do at Coney Island."

"What har they?"

"To eat clam-chowder."

"I've had benough clams for a while."

"To go in to bathe."

"The sun's too 'ot now."

"Or to go fishing."

"Fishing for what?"

"Oh, for eels, or salmon, or trout, you know."

"Bless my 'eart! Trout hand salmon hin the hocean?"

"Of course."

"Why, I never 'eard hof such a thing. Hit's wonderful."

"You'll hear much more wonderful things before you get through with the great United States. Look here, Tip, are you fond of fishing?"

"Hi don't know hif I ham."

"You don't know?"

"No; because I never tried hit, you know."

"Then this is too good a chance to be missed, I swear. Suppose we try it now?"

"Hi'm hagreeable."

"Come along, then."

Crossing over to the other side of the sandy spit of land which forms the western end of Coney Island, the boys found a boatkeeper who was prepared to let boats of any kind or description at the shortest notice.

"We want to try a little fishing," said Eli; "is there any good place around here?"

"Finest in the world, you can bet your boots," replied the veracious boatkeeper. "Why, two young gentlemen no older than you went out the other morning and caught a hull boatload."

"How big was the boat?"

"About ten tons."

"Ten tons!"

"Yes, sirree, an' she was so full they had to come in on the mast an' bowsprit. There wasn't room enough on the deck for the fish."

"That settles it. Which boat can we have?"

"You'd better take that one," and he indicated a trim-looking cat-boat; "that's the boat for you. She's the *Angleworm*, she is."

"The *Hangleworm?*" said Tip, opening his eyes till they looked like exaggerated saucers. "Why, that's a hinseck."

"Yes, the *Angleworm*, and she's a daisy, you can just bet."

"Do you call her that because she crawls through the water?" inquired Eli; "because if you do, I don't think she'll suit. We want something lively."

"You'll find it lively enough before you get through," was the significant reply. "Do you want the boat?"

"Yes, we'll take her," replied Eli; "where's your man?"

"I'll get him in a minute. Do you want lines or bait?"

"People don't fish with their fingers, do they?"

"Not generally."

"Then fetch on your lines."

"All right; "I'll fix you out in tiptop style."

"What did 'e mean by that?" asked Tip, while the boatkeeper busied himself with the necessary preparations.

"By what?"

"Talking about tipped hup style. I don't want to be tipped hup."

"Why, you darned lunk, he means he'll fit us out for the trip all right; that's all."

"Then why didn't he say so?"

"He did, only you can't understand English."

"Good 'Evings! hit I can't hunderstand Hinglish I'll heat my 'ead."

"You'll heat it enough before the day's out," replied Tip, fanning himself furiously, while the perspiration streamed down his cheeks.

"Hi don't hunderstand you."

"Never mind; there's the boatman calling us. Come along."

"Hurry up, you, Sam," shouted the boatkeeper to a rather fat, good-natured-looking darkey, who was busily at work getting the *Angleworm* ready for them.

"Mos' ready, marse," replied the negro.

And a moment later he brought the boat to the end of a small pier, which jutted out into the water from the beach.

"There you are, gents; everything all right," said the boatkeeper. "Now I'll trouble you for the little deposit, you know."

"What's that for?" inquired Eli.

"Only to make sure that you'll come back with the boat."

"Why, you don't suppose we want to run away with it?"

"No, but you can't most always sometimes tell about these things. You might take a notion to go to England, you know."

"Not much, we mightn't."

(To be continued.)

"Eli and Tip" was commenced in 665.

YOUNG ELDRIDGE'S ADVENTURE.

A SON of Doctor W. H. Eldridge, of Boston, suddenly disappeared, and nothing was heard of him for several weeks.

The boy, in his statement, says that on the evening of October 19th, as he was leaving the apothecary store on Bunker Hill Street, where he was employed, he was approached by a man, who informed him that a fire was raging in the vicinity of Chelsea Bridge, and asked him to go down and see it. Arriving at the bridge, no fire was to be seen, and when just on the point of returning he was seized around the neck by the man, who choked him until he became unconscious, robbed him, and then threw him over the railing into the waters of the Mystic. The chill which the plunge into the river gave to his system restored him so that he was able to attempt to save himself.

The tide was running out, and he, being a skillful swimmer, kept from drowning and floated down the stream until opposite East Boston, where a friendly spar which was floating in the water came near to him, and, gaining this, he floated out to sea. What were the terrible thoughts of the boy as he floated away from life and hope? Terrible indeed they must have been, as any escape seemed impossible. He subsequently became unconscious, and when he rallied again he was out of sight of land, still clinging to the log.

After remaining in the water nineteen hours he was rescued by a brig bound for Greenland, and as he did not care to visit that country he was placed on board an English steamer, the name of which he states was the *Norman*, and carried to Liverpool. He improved the first opportunity to return home in the steamer *Smyrna*, and fortunately succeeded.

A LEARNED PIG.

THE following story is vouched for by Charles Buckland, Esq., who formerly held a high and responsible situation in the Civil Service of India. Writing to an intimate friend, he says:

"It chances that I am now at Beerdwan, where there is a native Rajah who keeps a really good menagerie. He has two rhinoceroses, who live in a large walled inclosure, in the centre of which there is a reservoir of water, and five crocodiles live in this lake.

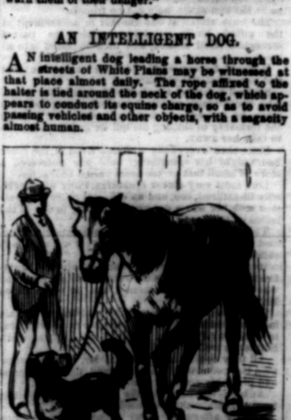
"The said crocodiles are fed with young pigs, which are turned into the inclosure; and when, unconscious of their danger, they go down to the water to drink, they fall into the jaws of the grim alligators.

"There is, however, one full-grown pig now in the inclosure, who has grown up there, having survived the perils of his early life in this dangerous place. It seems that he all at once took a fancy to the rhinoceroses, and when the rhinoceroses went down to drink he went with them, and managed to escape under their legs from the rush of the alligators.

"Since his first escape he only goes to drink under the protection of the rhinoceroses, with whom he is on the most familiar terms. I was told that he looks on with perfect unconcern at the fate of the young pigs, which are now sent to feed the crocodiles, and never attempts to associate with them, or warn them of their danger."

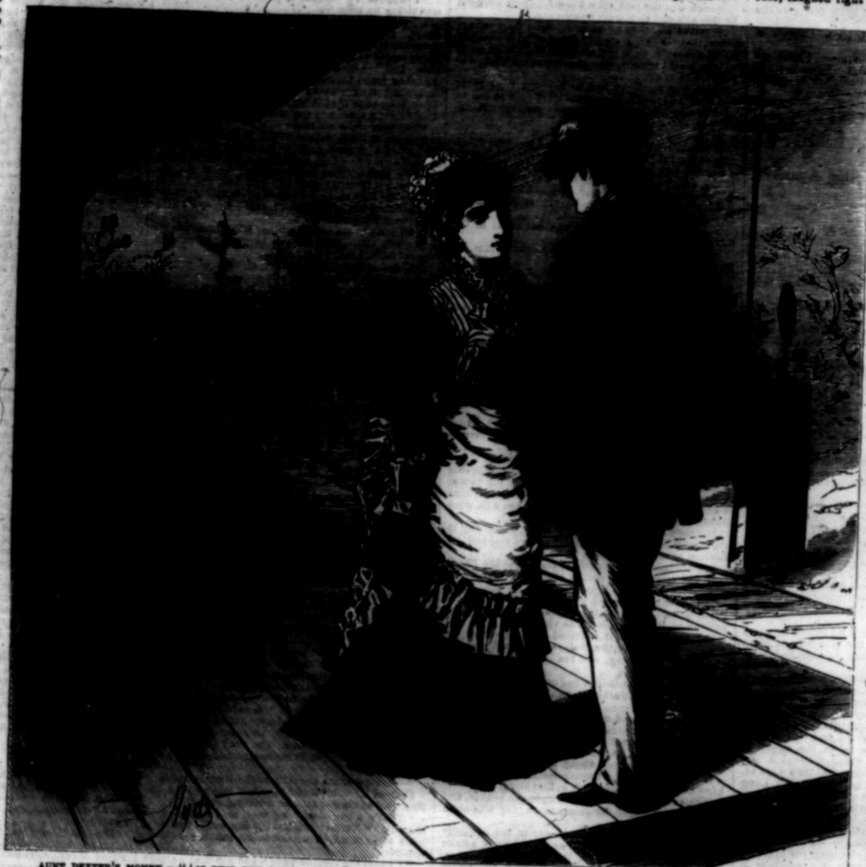
AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

AN intelligent dog leading a horse through the streets of White Plains may be witnessed at that place almost daily. The rope affixed to the halter is tied around the neck of the dog, which appears to conduct its equine charge, so as to avoid passing vehicles and other objects, with a sagacity almost human.



AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

AUNT DEXTER'S MONEY.



AUNT DEXTER'S MONEY.—"'IS THIS THE RIGHT DEPOT?' 'YES,' I SAID; 'ARE YOU AUNT DEXTER?' THE LOVELY CREATURE LOOKED AT ME IN A PUZZLED FASHION, LAUGHED, AND SAID: 'OH, DEAR ME, NO!'"

I THINK I see her now! Aunt Dexter, in her old stuff dress, that, sixty years ago, was black, but at the time to which I refer had upon its edges and exposed folds put out a second bloom of youth—mostly derived from the ink-bottle.

Uncle Dexter was my mother's brother, who, early in life, had gone West and made a fortune. I never heard of aunt until I was a good big lad, when, one morning, father received a letter running as follows:

"CHICAGO.

"DEAR BROTHER: Your wife's brother, my husband, William Curtis Dexter, has gone the way of all flesh. I am coming to live with you.

"SUSAN DEXTER."

We had a family council over this communication—that is, my father and mother and uncles and aunts got together in our best parlor and talked the matter over, while Bill and I listened outside.

Father says:

"Why don't she stay among her own folks? She ain't none of our kind."

"Brother!" solemnly observed my aunt Martha—"brother, she has money, and when she dies we may, with the blessing of Providence, share it."

"How do you know that she has?" demanded father.

"Read this, brother," replied Aunt Martha, in her most impressive manner.

Father took the paper, and putting on his spectacles, read aloud: "The will of William Curtis Dexter has been proved. He leaves behind him one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. May he rest in peace."

"I couldn't," said aunt, "if I had treated my sisters as he has done."

"What d'ye mean?" said father.

Snatching the paper from his hand, Aunt Martha turned it over, and pointed to a paragraph under the head of "Facts and scraps."

"Read that!" she spitefully observed.

"Old Bill Dexter! This old miser has been true to his word, and hasn't left a dime to any of his kith or kin. We hear that his amiable young widow intends going East. Lucky Easterners!"

"What do you make out of that?" snapped Aunt Martha.

"Why, that he has married some young gal, and left her all his money—as he should," replied father.

"And ain't his own flesh and blood nothing to him?" angrily returned aunt.

"Nothing to speak of when he was alive," smilingly answered father; "and absolutely nothing now that he is dead," he added, glancing round upon the sulky-looking crowd.

"Jes the way wi' old folks when they marries young gals," piped Uncle Trask, who heretofore had contented himself with looking on in a stonily-indignant fashion.

My father was a man who didn't get mad very often, but when he did he spoke his mind right out. I think I can see him now. Rising and jerking up his shirt-collar, as he always did Fourth of July, when he delivered the oration, father shook his head at me for peeping in at the door during solemn family pow-wow, and said:

"Brothers and sisters, it 'pears to me that you all wants a new religion mighty bad—that there is a big field for a crop of charity in your hearts! For five-and-thirty years nary one of you remembered that you had a brother Bill—although we have named a son for him—but that's neither here nor there. You'd all clean dead forgotten your brother William Curtis Dexter until you received a newspaper announcing his death, and learned that he died worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Then the floodgates of your love were broken down with a rush, your hearts yearned for your dead brother's money, and you raked and scraped off the dust of forgetfulness that for five-and-thirty years you had allowed to accumulate upon his memory, and get dreadful tender over his early decease. Say, s'pose he'd died on the poor farm, and hadn't been worth a dollar and seventy-five cents, how much would you have thought about his memory then? I tell you that you wants a new religion, one with *Him* who was all love and charity in it—that you are a narrow-minded, avaricious, near, mean, griping set, and the sooner that you clear from this house the greater will be my obligations to you!"

It was as good as a play to watch the faces of my uncles and aunts as my father said this. At first they gaped at him in utter astonishment, then they grew red in the face, and finally rose to their feet, shook their fists at him, and left our house in a rage.

"Yew ken have her all to yourself, brother," said Aunt Martha, as she backed out of the door.

"Don't you worry yourself, Mat!" said father; "I don't want anything from her."

Two days after this Aunt Dexter arrived, and I was sent down to the depot to meet her. Our being an out-of-the-way place, very few people besides the regular inhabitants came to it, and the advent of a stranger was a circumstance to be recorded.

When the train stopped, out skipped a lively-looking gal, who, looking round, said:

"Is this the right depot?"

"Yes," I said; "are you Aunt Dexter?"

The lovely creature looked at me in a puzzled fashion, laughed, and said:

"Oh, dear me, no! If your name is Cringle, that is the lady you want to see." Saying which she pointed to a grim old gryphon, with a nose like a fish-horn, who, seated upon a pile of trunks, was grimly watching our proceedings.

"I don't want to see her; I was in hopes that you were my new aunt," I ruefully replied, as the pretty gal handed me her baggage checks.

"Don't trouble about me," she faltered; "go and look after your relative."

"Time enough, she'll keep," and leaving the smiling girl, I passed my aunt, just as though she were any other woman, and proceeded to procure the merry one's baggage.

The truth was, I was mad.

Having secured the packages, I assisted the charming vision into a vehicle, was thanked by a glance from her lovely eyes, and in another moment she was out of sight.

"Beauty gone," I murmured; "now for the other luxury," approaching the pile of musty, old hide-covered, moth-eaten, brass-nail-decorated, hair trunks, surmounted by a figure, the face of which, with its then crescent-shaped, tightly compressed mouth, looked grimly down upon me, while her boiled haddock-like eyes followed my every movement, as a compass does a jack-knife. I thrust my hands into my pockets, and addressing the depot-master, said: "Seen anything of a young lady from Chicago named Miss Dexter?"

The haddock's eyes fairly protruded from their sockets as I uttered these words; and the black-garbed figure, who, perched upon her moldy trunks, looked like a vampire bat hatching misery eggs, croaked out:

"H'y, I'm your Aunt Dexter."

"D-o tell," I said, just as though I didn't know it, and sauntering toward her at the rate of a mile an hour.

"Help me down," she says; "my limbs is all cricked sitting here watching you galivanting with that pert little school-gal!"

For two pins I would have driven home and left her.

The idea of calling that lovely vision a pert little school-gal! But my better nature conquered; and climbing the pile, I reached out my hand and said:

"Glad to see you, Aunt Dexter."

I've told some titticohops in my time, but none of them ever stuck in my conscience as that one did; but, as I always think, Heaven is good to us, and we are forgiven such fibs. The black blot, surmounted by the crescent-shaped mouth, fish-horn-like nose, and boiled-haddock eyes, rose, grabbed my hand, tottered down the pile, and, throwing its arms about me, gurgled out:

"Kiss me, child."

"I'm be blistered if I do!" I said, holding her at arm's length.

"Ah," she murmured, in a mucilaginous voice, "is this an Eastern welcome?"

"It can't be did, aunty!" I said, keeping her off with one hand and flourishing my whip in the other. "We must draw the line somewhere, and I never goes beyond pretty cousins!"

She had a way of working her mouth about like a cinder-sifter before she spoke, and, after I had seated her in the buggy, she yanked down the corners of her jaws and wagged her chin for a moment, then observed:

"Eighteen packages!" she exclaimed. "I won't leave you nothing in my will, if you ain't more civil, nephew."

"I don't care a continental whether you do or no," I muttered, as I dragged the baggage along the platform, and helped the expressman load up his wagon.

You should have seen father smile when I drove up to the house, and how sick he looked when Aunt Dexter froze on to him, and grabbed him round the neck and moaned out:

"Oh, brother, at last—at last!"

"Yes," said father, catching a sniff of the old lady's perfumed atmosphere (the result of her partiality to camphor and catnip tea), and unhooking her before she could get her nose in his eye. "Glad to see you, sister Susan."

Mother had a spasm just then, which prevented her embracing her newly-found relation, finding which aunty went for brother Bill.

Now, William was one of those who would kiss a she-toad if he could gain anything by it, and the way he stood her clawing disgusted me.

"So glad to see you, Aunt Susan," he said.

As I left the room father overtook me, and smothering a laugh, observed:

"Con, are you sure that this is the right one?"

"It's a melancholy fact, sir," I replied. "She is your sister-in-law and my aunt!"

It was edifying to hear her talk about leaving her property to our Bill, and more than edifying to see him dancing after her.

She always wore the same old black bombazine gown, and used the same camphorated catnip perfumery; but bless you, William didn't mind it.

"She'll leave me her property," he used to say. "I can stand a good deal for the sake of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars."

We were a year getting her out of our house, and finally she moved to a cottage belonging to father, which he let her have rent free.

No wonder she was rich; she never spent a cent, and had a way of borrowing and taking things that fairly took away my breath.

Bill used to rub his hands and say:

"Lent her ten dollars again to-day. I tell you she's a regular miser; it's a good thing that she came to us!"

I went away to sea, and was gone some years, only occasionally hearing from home, but I made out from one of my mother's letters that brother William had offended Aunt Dexter, and that she had gone to live with Aunt Martha! Later on one of my sisters wrote me that the "old cat," meaning our Aunt Susan, was swinging round the family circle, and was, at the time Ciss wrote, staying with Uncle Grinling Trask.

At length fortune directed my steps homeward, and one fine day in July I arrived at the well-known depot. The church-bell was tolling, and it gave me quite a shock.

"What if it should be for father or mother?" I thought.

"It's for old Miss Dexter," said the depot master, in reply to my inquiry; "an old miser who died here a few days ago."

"My aunt!" I said.

"Are you Con Cringle?" he demanded.

"I am," I said. "What of it?"

"You're in luck," returned the official. "They say that she's left all her money to you."

Now, human nature is the same in every one, modified and improved by teaching, precept and example, and for a moment I gave way to a vile joy. Life at sea is, more than half the time, a hard one, and as I walked homeward visions of a nice farm, a certain pretty girl as Mrs. Con Cringle, and the comparative ease of a shore life, came into my mind.

"Poor old Aunt Susan!" I thought; "so she has taken farewell of this beautiful earth!"

As I neared the house I saw the folks crowding in, and noticed that the stable-yard was filled with carriages.

Poor old Aunt Dexter! I should never again behold her haddock-like eyes, fish-horn shaped nose, and yanked-down mouth, hear her mucilaginous voice, or smell her camphorated-catnip perfumery.

"Well, well," I mused, "she might have done worse than have left her money to me—Bill, for instance;" and as I entered the house I thought, "I'm mighty glad she has euchred William!"

Mother forgot all about the funeral in her joy at seeing me, and father, who looked as smiling as a rose, laughed right out. "Where's brothers and sisters?" I said.

Some were married and others away, and I found that there was no one at home save mother, father and Bill.

"Where's Bill?" I inquired.

"With the corpse," returned father, smiling. "He won't believe that the old gal has gone back on him! Come, Con, the funeral is to take place in five minutes; let us go into the parlor. All the family are here; spite of what I told 'em before Susan came to live in this place. You see she's been stopping with 'em all in turns, and has borrowed a good deal of money one way and another of 'em. These misers are all alike. She owes me eighteen dollars, to say nothing of five years' rent, and she's worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars! Be gentle with William, my son," he added, "and don't be proud of your prosperity."

I made up as serious a face as I could under the circumstances, and followed father and mother into the parlor, which was crammed with our kinsfolks; prominent among whom were Aunt Martha and Uncle Grinling Trask, while brother William, dressed in a brand new sixty-dollar black suit, was seated in a chair by the head of the coffin, gazing at the features of his dear Aunt Dexter.

There she was, in the same old rusty bombazine dress that she had worn the day I met her at the depot.

All eyes were turned upon me, and I heard my Aunt Martha say:

"Well, Con needn't 'pear so tickled; he ain't got her money yet."

"No," said Uncle Trask, "that's true. I believe half-sister Susan had a good heart, and was a good Christian woman. The will ain't read yet. Many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, hey—Martha?"

"Friends," said father, jerking up his shirt-collar in the old familiar style—"friends—my son, Con Cringle."

Some came forward and shook me by the hand, while others scowled at me for being the heir presumptive to a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, with ten years' interest added; but bless you, I wasn't proud, and could have stood a million just as easily. Poor Bill! he was so overcome by the thought that he was soon to be separated from his beloved clay that he took no notice of me, but kept glancing at the deceased, murmuring:

"Poor Aunt Susan! Poor Aunt Susan! Cut off in her prime! Cut off in her prime!"

Our lawyer was there—a smart, jovial, round little man. Squeezing my hand, he whispered:

"Congratulate you, Con."

"Thankee," I said.

Just then the minister arrived and took charge of the whole affair.

He didn't trouble himself much about the deceased, and from the way that he treated out one would have thought that he was celebrating my obsequies.

He wrecked me on the shores of Time; rescued me; pictured me as a humble young Christian, upon whom the golden shower of prosperity had suddenly descended; and gave me such a nice, lovely, perfect character, that I, forgetting all about my sailor-life, adopted his description right away.

"Thunder," thought I, "I'll build 'em a new church."

When he had driven the last rhetorical nail in the fabric of my new character, he eased up, wiped his perspiring brow, and announced that the conclusion of the exercises would be held in the cemetery.

I was chief mourner, and if ever a C. M. tried to get off a tear I did; but, somehow, the haddock-eyes, fish-horn-like nose, and yanked-down jaws of Aunt Dexter kept looming up before me.

After a few words, and the usual ceremonies at the grave, we returned home; brother Bill being so overcome with grief that he had to be led by a hired man.

In a short time we were once more assembled in our parlor, and when all was as silent as the grave that we had just left, the lawyer rose, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen! What I am about to say will, I guess, surprise you some! When Miss Dexter came to live here she was as poor as a church-rat, her husband, with whom she had lived on bad terms, having willed all his property to some institution, but—stay a moment, Con Cringle!"—for I was about to leave the room in disgust. "You needn't get mad, Con, you're all right. Since she has resided among you she has contrived to save six thousand five hundred and ten dollars and sixty-five cents, which she has invested in bonds, and deposited with me, to be given to her nephew, Con Cringle!"

"A dead robbery, got up by the Cringles!" piqued Uncle Grinling Trask; "she owes me two thousand five hundred dollars."

"And me eight hundred!" moaned Aunt Martha. "And me two hundred!" said Uncle Ben. "Oh, this is highway robbery!" "And I four hundred!" said another relative, in a desponding voice; while brother Bill savagely observed:

"Dern her old pictur, I'm ruined."

Rising, I said to the lawyer:

"Mister, take and sell them bills, and give the money to the poor!"

"Dew yew mean that, Con Cringle?" they chorused.

"I do!" I said; "and what is more, I keep my word. I awoke from my dream of avarice, and while fifty of God's poor blessed an unknown donor I never saw a cent of Aunt Dexter's money.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued from page 12.)

THE messenger ventured further to advise Colonel Melville to "shake" the ranch for the present, and take his children to Fort Sheridan, where they would be free from all danger.

But the colonel thanked him and said that his home had already gone through the worst siege to which it could be subjected at the hands of Lone Wolf, who received a lesson that he was not likely to forget.

Lone Wolf could never, in the opinion of Melville, place the post in such danger again, and now, since it had been thoroughly repaired, he knew better than to bother long with it.

So the colonel said that he and his servant, children and visitors would go on to the ranch, where they would be prudent enough to keep pretty well indoors until the storm passed.

Such was the condition of affairs when the party turned in for the night.

As was always the custom, a guard was placed on duty.

In this instance the sentinels were Mickey O'Rooney and Long Jim Shafto, who were selected on account of the news brought by the messenger, which made it probable that the camp was in danger of an attack from some of the Indians, of whom there were abundant signs during the afternoon.

But there was no molestation from redskins, and what was a little curious, there were no evidences that any approached the neighborhood of the camp during the night.

The fear that the camp would be visited by some of their old enemies caused the scouts to be more watchful than would have been the case under ordinary circumstances.

The result was a discovery that disturbed them more than Lone Wolf and a hundred of his warriors creeping into camp could have done.

The method in which Mickey and Jim kept watch during the darkness was peculiarly their own.

They continually moved about and visited each other, and compared notes as to the situation, doing it all with a stealth which prevented any prowling redskin from detecting what they were at.

The night was more than half gone when Long Jim made one of these calls on the Irishman, who was doing duty on the outskirts of the camp.

"Wal, my boy," said Jim, in his off-hand way, "have you seen or heard anything yet?"

"Yis," answered the fellow, in the same cautious whisper. "I've the bist of raison for belaving that the Phantom of the Prairie is somewhere in the neighborhood."

"Why do you s'pect that?"

"I've heerd the thramp of his hoss's hoofs—the same old thramp that we have heerd so many times that we can't make any mistake about it."

"And did you see nothing of the critter itself?"

"No, but——"

"Sh!" interrupted Long Jim; "don't you hear that?"

They not only heard but saw the very creation of which they had just been speaking.

It seemed to come to view by rising from the earth like some exhalation, and it moved toward the camp in that pale, bloodless way that struck terror to the hearts of the two hunters, though they had seen the same more than once before.

As then, it was mounted on the mustang, all bearing a misty, ghost-like appearance, very suggestive of some spirit from the other world wandering with its horse in this discontented manner over the prairie.

The steed was walking with a slow, deliberate step, which gave an additional awfulness to the apparition, if indeed that were possible.

The first dreadful thought of the scouts was that it was about to ride into camp; and as they were in the way, it looked as if they were likely to receive a closer shave than they could stand.

Still they were held to the spot by that strange fascination which was a part of the mysterious creature, until, when it was quite close, the action of the horse ceased, and the two—mustang and rider—were as motionless as a statue.

All this was awe-inspiring, and the watchers remained motionless more through terror than anything else.

"What does he mean?" asked Long Jim, in a whisper.

"It looks as if he were waiting for us to go out and make a call on him. Jim, it's yerself that's the best-looking, and will ye be so kind as to take the lead, and go out and introduce me as I come up?"

"Have done with your foolery!" exclaimed the impatient scout; "if he's waiting for me, he'll wait till he dies of old age, if it is so that such a critter ever does——"

"Sh!" interrupted Mickey; "there is some one going out that way."

But for the fact that the senses of the scouts were strained to the highest point they would not have detected that soft, gliding movement which at that moment fell upon their ears.

It told them that some one was stealing from the camp outward toward the Phantom of the Prairie.

Their suspicions, of course, turned at once to Snooks, who, they had reason to believe, was connected in some strange way with that still stranger creation which had haunted the plains for the last two years or more.

There was no moon to-night, or at least it did not rise until or so near morning that it was practically useless for their purposes.

They were too experienced veterans, however, to be defeated in their purpose by the mere absence of the orb of night.

Despite the darkness, they were determined to know who that man was that was moving along in such a cautious manner toward the Phantom, which was evidently awaiting it.

It required a great deal of courage to do this, for, somehow or other, they held a dread that the creature possessed the power of penetrating and reading their thoughts.

If such was the fact, they were likely to offend it by this attempt to thwart its purpose.

Nevertheless, they so far conquered their repugnance that they separated and moved with absolute noiselessness toward the stranger, which, as good fortune would have it, was passing at no great distance from them.

There was starlight, and by keeping their faces close to the ground, the scouts were able at last to catch a very distinct picture, considering the circumstances, of the man.

They were right in their suspicions.

It was Elijah Snooks, on his way to meet the Phantom of the Prairie.

There being no doubt on that, the next question of the scouts, self-imposed, was whether they had the courage to follow on and approach close enough to play the eavesdropper and overhear what passed between the man and the ghost.

Sad to say, their courage was not equal to the strain.

It was already stretched to the utmost tension, and could not stand any more.

So they crouched upon the ground and did their best to listen from where they were.

The result was not satisfactory in the least degree.

Once or twice they were allowed to catch just the faintest murmur of voices, but never did a syllable reach their ears.

The interview lasted only a few minutes, when the hoofs of the phantom horse, which it would seem must have been a very substantial phantom, were heard as he galloped away.

They grew fainter and fainter on the hard plain, until at last they died out in the distance and were heard no more.

While they were listening to this they became aware, also, that the New Yorker had returned to his place by the camp-fire.

Having learned all there was to be learned of the occurrence, which was slight enough, the scouts shifted their position to the other side of the camp, where they could exchange dismal speculations without any fear of disturbance from men who were linked in with the prince of blue blazes.

But they were no more than fairly under way in their wild conjectures when they were stopped by hearing again the sound of hoofs.

The thought at once came to them that the Phantom had returned to rectify something which had slipped its mind.

But though the sound was so distinct that there could be no doubt that the animal was near by, yet nothing of the apparition was visible.

Further than this, it required but a moment for the scouts to satisfy themselves that the horse, instead of approaching, was really going away from the camp.

It was as if some Indian had unconsciously ridden quite near in the darkness, and then wheeled and hurried off again.

The hunters were not able to gain a clue as to the explanation of this horseman, and they reached the conclusion mentioned—that it was some redskin who had no intention of troubling them, and had consequently gone about his business.

If he were out on a reconnoissance he would not have heralded his approach in that style.

When stillness again settled upon the prairie, and there were signs of the rising moon, day was close at hand.

There was nothing more to excite the curiosity of the sentinels on duty, and as their friends awoke and bestirred themselves, they were told that no danger had come nigh them through the entire night.

The explanation of a part of what they saw and heard came with the rising sun.

The second horseman which they had noted, and which they supposed was an Indian warrior, was Elijah Snooks.

He had mounted his steed in the darkness of the night and ridden off, seemingly in pursuit of the Phantom of the Prairie.

The scouts were glad he was gone, and fervently hoped that he would never be seen by them again—a wish, however, which was not gratified.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY—A CHANGE OF DESTINATION.

REGARDING the singular disappearance of Elijah Snooks, there were one or two more points which may be mentioned.

In the first place, the least surprised of the party was Colonel Melville, who, indeed, acted as if he was not surprised at all.

He could see nothing very strange, he said, in the departure in that style of the gentleman, who was likely to be seen again.

Mr. Snooks had come into this country on his own business, and had fallen in with them by accident. He had agreed to accompany them for a part of their journey, and indeed he made the best of company, and Melville was glad of the privilege of ever having met him.

He staid with them perhaps longer than his business permitted, and finding his time of importance, he had gone off to attend to it; that was the way Colonel Melville explained it.

Among all his listeners there was only one who accepted his version. That was Dick Harrod, who knew less than any of them as to the man's antecedents.

The two scouts felt there was no truth at all in the theory of the colonel, and they were satisfied that he did not believe it, but was seeking to throw dust in their eyes.

Pomp was sure of the actual truth of the case from his previous knowledge of the man.

He had no doubt that Snooks had gone off with the Phantom of the Prairie.

He had seen the New Yorker when talking with the apparition some nights before, so that he was aware he was up to that business.

When he learned that the Phantom had been in the vicinity of the camp on the preceding night, that was all he needed to form the true explanation of what Snooks had done.

The brother and sister believed the man was a sly dog who was playing a deep game of some kind, and this departure of his in the dead of night was a part of the same game.

But speculation could avail them nothing, and as the man was gone, the colonel advised them to think no more about him, but to attend to the business before them.

They were now so close to Melville Ranch that all were certain of taking their dinner within its walls.

"From the top of that hill yonder," said the colonel, pointing to an elevation several miles away, "you can see the ranch. It is only a short distance beyond."

Ned raised his glass and held it a long time pointed toward the wooded elevation.

"I suppose it is familiar to you?" said Dick, who was riding by his side.

More familiar than I hope it will ever become again. It was in those hills that Lone Wolf held me a prisoner, and where I saw sights which I can never forget as long as I live. It was among those hills, too," added Colonel Melville, "that the Apaches found shelter, and from which they issued in making their attacks on us. It seemed to me more than once that there were hundreds and hundreds among them and the hills beyond."

"Suppose some are there now?"

"There is little danger of it. It don't pay them to bother with such small game as we are. There are other points where they have a chance of doing equally well without half the risk. Then, too, we have a few friends among the Apaches, and I have reason to believe that Lone Wolf is willing to let the ranch alone hereafter, provided we don't give him too much provocation."

"It seems to me that the place is in great danger, when left alone, with no one to protect it against the redskins," said Dick.

"There is a certain amount of risk, of course. But days and weeks frequently go by, when we are within the walls, without a redskin coming near the place. We might be gone a month without any of them knowing it. They may pass close to the ranch and reconnoitre it, and not seeing anybody about the premises, they would not conclude that we were gone. They might spend hours, even in broad daylight, watching for signs of life, and yet be afraid to come within rifle-range of the windows. It is only in case some of them saw us go away—which is not the fact—that they would be apt to make a demonstration against the ranch.

In accordance with the cautious habits of the scouts when engaged upon their legitimate business, it was arranged that Long Jim should ride forward, passing to the right of the wooded hills which had been such a plague to the whites in the ranch, while Mickey O'Rooney should gallop around to the left.

By this means they would be able to learn whether there were any Apaches or Comanches lurking there, and at the same time could reconnoitre the ranch and make sure that it was perfectly safe to ride within the stockades before entrusting the rest of the company to an experimental venture.

The whites halted within a quarter of a mile of the hills, where, should it become necessary, they could retreat before the advance of a hostile force.

In this position they awaited the return of the scouts, who, a few minutes later, disappeared behind the hills.

All were chatting in the best of spirits, for the colonel had expressed his opinion two or three times to the effect that there was no cause for fear, and that within an hour, at the most, they would be within the walls of the ranch, where they might feel safe from all disturbance from the redskins, no matter what their number or tribal appellation might be.

Their lively conversation, however, was broken in upon by the sound of a rifle, fired from beyond the hills, and almost immediately followed by another report.

"What does that mean?" asked Dick Harrod.

Colonel Melville turned pale and looked off in the direction whence came the alarming sound.

"That's a bad sign," he said, as if speaking to himself. "Neither Jim nor Mickey would fire their guns at such a time unless there was the best of reasons."

"I guess the Indians have found out that we ain't there," said Ned, "and have hid themselves to catch us when we go back."

"I tink dat I recognizes dem sounds," said Pomp, with his usual wise expression, "and dey come from Jim and Mickey, and dey was shooting at a mark, jis' fur de fun ob de ting."

"I've no doubt they are fired at a mark, but it was in the shape of some of those accursed redskins," said the colonel.

"In dat case dey hit it, too, for dem fellers can shoot almos' as well as I can myself."

"It looks as if we will have to take refuge in the fort——"

"Here they come!" exclaimed Inez, catching sight of Long Jim Shafto as he galloped to view from behind the wooded hills.

Something had occurred, as he showed by his excited manner.

He was riding at headlong speed, and as he saw that the whites were looking at him he swung his arm above his head and shouted out some words in a frightened manner.

Colonel Melville questioned those around him, but though they had all heard the hoarse shout, none were able to catch what the precise words were.

"I sorter tink dat I knows," said Pomp.

"Well, what were they?" asked the eager colonel.

"It sounded to me as if he said dat as soon as he got to de ranch he was gwine to hab his shirt biled—dat is, if he found dat none ob you folks didn't hab no 'bjection to de same. I s'pose de reason am dat he wants to make a good show."

Colonel Melville turned impatiently away from such twaddle.

"There's Mickey, too!" added Ned Melville, in the startled voice of his sister.

"And he seems to be as much alarmed as Jim," said Dick, who was as much interested as the rest of them.

Such was the fact, indeed.

The Irishman had his horse on a full run, too, and he swung his hat above his head and called out something in such a hasty, impassioned fashion, that no one could tell what he was trying to say.

But the steeds were swift, and they would soon be among them.

Colonel Melville was fearful that the scouts had called to them to move back, so as to be out of the way of the Apaches, and he told the rest of the company to watch the hills more than they did the horsemen, as there might be danger creeping upon them.

This was done, and a few minutes after the scouts came up almost together.

"What's the matter?" was the eager inquiry of the colonel, while the rest awaited the answer.

"Do you want to go to the ranch?" asked Long Jim Shafto.

"That's our intention, of course."

"Wal, you'll never see the old ranch ag'in!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause thar ain't any ranch any more!"

For a moment the listeners were struck speechless.

Then they looked at the scouts, as if waiting to hear their explanation of the alarming words.

"Jim has told yez the thruth," added Mickey, with a woebegone expression of the face. "We both wint sailing over the hills together, gay and sassy-like, sorter making motions to each other, whin as sure's ye live a rid spalpeen popped out from behind the woods and started away toward the ranch. Wall, we both fired our guns at him, but he was too far off, and he kept out the way so well that he wasn't hurt, and he had such a good mustang that bime-by he got beyond our reach, and we didn't care enough about him to foller him up. But the way of it was, we was so taken up with him for the time that we didn't look very sharp toward the ranch. The fust thing that I heerd was an awful exprission from Jim, which I won't repeat in the prisence of the young leddy here, but it made me turn my head, and Jim, he jist p'inted toward the ranch. I looked, and there was the stockades, and there seemed to be something wrong, but be the powers! I couldn't make out for the time; I seemed sorter bewildered like. Then Jim he sings out, 'Whar's the ranch?' and thin seed that there wasn't any ranch there at all."

"You don't mean to tell me that it is destroyed?" asked the amazed Colonel Melville.

"That's exactly the fact in the case."

"But I can't understand how it can be. The walls were made of adobe, which withstood all the cannon could do. Is it injured beyond repair?"

"We can't describe it," said Mickey, "so let's ride over the hills and take a look at it."

"Are you sure there are no Indians there?"

"There was but one, and if the same spalpeen is going at the same rate that he was whin we last set eyes on him, he is out of sight long ago."

The suggestion of the Irishman was adopted.

The company struck into a rapid gallop, which was kept up until they reached the hills mentioned, when they galloped down and kept on with undiminished speed in the direction of the stockades.

Scarcely a word was spoken on the way, for the hearts of all were full, and all were likely to learn what there was to learn together, and without questioning.

A few minutes after they galloped through the open gate within the stockades, and then drew up in front of the ruins of Melville Ranch.

There were nothing but ruins indeed.

The tough structure of adobe, or sunburnt bricks, which had stood the hammering of the cannon without material injury, was down to the ground.

Where was reared the heavy, comfortable structure in which the colonel had spent so many never-to-be-forgotten days, there was now only a mass of yellow débris.

The walls were in great chunks, lying like rocks tossed about by an earthquake.

Here and there the seasoned timbers stuck out, some of them pointing straight up to the sky, while others were torn and wrenched as if smitten by lightning.

The wind had whistled through the ruins, and scattered a great deal of the yellow dust through the stockades and beyond.

What books and personal property the owner had stored away within those walls were hopelessly buried out of sight beneath the ruins, from which it would require the labors of a regiment of men to extricate them.

The building known as Melville Ranch was no more.

It was gone beyond all hope of resurrection.

By what means had all this run been wrought?

This was the question which was passed from mouth to mouth, and for a time remained unanswered.

The first theory was that it had been stricken by a thunderbolt during one of those fearful storms which occasionally sweep over the plains of Texas.

A critical examination, however, showed that such could not have been the case, as the results were different from those left by the electric fluid.

Then it seemed that the structure might have been loosened by a thunderbolt and its ruin completed by a tornado.

This explanation failed before the fact that the stockades were not injured in the least.

Had a tornado struck the building, it would have made short work of the surrounding fence.

Baffled in these theories, the whites set to work, determined that they would ascertain the precise means by which the destruction had been brought about.

They succeeded at last.

The ranch had been blown up!

There were the traces of powder among the walls add débris, and after an hour's careful search they discovered the way in which the whole thing was done.

A party of redskins, by some means, had learned that there was no one within the building, so they had time to make their work so thorough that no afterclaps were needed.

They placed heavy charges underneath the building in six different places, showing, when they did so, that they possessed some knowledge of mining, for they made sure of the points where the powder would exert its whole force upon the walls.

It looked, indeed, as if the dynamite fiend had been exercising his devilish ingenuity upon the fated building.

A scrutiny of the surrounding ground left no doubt as to who the agents were.

The explosion was so recent that the tracks of the moccasins and mustangs were not yet blotted out by the dust that had swept far and near.

The utter and overwhelming destruction of the ranch simplified matters, so far as the whites were concerned.

There was but one course for them to follow.

That was to make their way to Fort Sheridan, twenty miles distant, where they could remain until the Indian troubles should be adjusted in some way or other.

At the end of that time, when the way was pretty clear to make their ride to the settlements, they would do so, and Colonel Melville concluded by that time he would be able to content himself among his fellow-beings, where the Apache and Comanche could never come, unless in the guise of visitors on their way to Washington.

"I do not see as there is anything to be gained by staying here," said the colonel, with a little sigh which he vainly strove to hide.

"We have withstood the Indians a long while, but they have got the upper hand of us at last, and the best thing I can do is to come down gracefully and retire from the field."

"The material is all there yit," said Mickey O'Rooney, looking upon the pile of dirt and ruins, as if he was in a brown study; "which is the remark that me grandfather observed whin he knocked Tom McLaughlin all to pieces, but the bother will be to put it all together so as to present a presentable shape. No; it's meself that thinks it won't pay to rear the soopestructure agin."

"I s'pose dat we could dig a hole in under dar and make it purty comfortable whin the storm comes," said Pomp, who appeared to think it his duty to possess some views of the question which interested all of them. "Dat would be a good idee; but den if de wedder should become warm, why, it won't do."

All this theorizing and speculation amounted to nothing.

The ranch, as we have already said before, was "gone up," and was never more to shelter those who had spent so many days and nights within its walls.

It was a disappointment to Colonel Melville as he turned his back for ever upon the scene, but he felt there was no help for it, and he made a jesting remark to hide his regretful sadness at leaving.

It was yet comparatively early in the day, and the ride of twenty miles to Fort Sheridan was one of such little account, that the party started off as if they were going upon a holiday excursion, where there was no such question as fatigue to be considered.

Mickey O'Rooney and Long Jim took the lead, Colonel Melville rode alongside of Ned, Pomp went it on his own hook, mingling with the others as the fancy struck him, while Dick Harrod and Inez, very naturally, perhaps, found themselves in each other's company.

The trail leading to the fort was one familiar to all, with the exception of the lovers, who would have found little difficulty in following it, as it was distinctly marked.

There were a couple of considerations which made Colonel Melville a little more serious and thoughtful than he generally was on such occasions, when he had his friends around him.

Short as was this route, it was considered one of the most dangerous in that part of Texas, for the reason, perhaps, that the Indians were aware that pretty constant communication was kept up between the two points, and they might look at any time for some messengers passing to and fro who offered the tempting chance for robbery and murder.

This would not have been thought of at the present time, when the entire party were so well mounted and able to take care of themselves, but for the rumors that the redskins were on the war-path in greater force than usual.

The fact that they had succeeded in destroying the ranch indicated that a large number of them were in the neighborhood, and it was by no means unlikely that they would make a demonstration against the whites before they could place themselves under the protection of the fort.

Such being his speculations, with the memory of his destroyed home and the presence of his children, it would have been impossible for the colonel not to feel some anxiety more than had been his since the arrival of his daughter.

The hum of conversation was continued, and the little company kept up a steady gallop for a couple of hours, by which time they were in the neighborhood of the fort, and the leader began to hope that his fears were groundless, after all.

They had reached a point within less than three miles of Sheridan, when great alarm was created by the faint sound of firing in the distance and directly ahead of them.

The scouts, who were in advance, as usual, waited for the rest to come up, that a consultation might be held.

The reports of the guns were from that point of the compass which showed beyond all question that fighting was going on in the neighborhood of the fort.

Once or twice the low, rumbling boom told, too, that a cannon was playing its part of the *melee*.

The inevitable conclusion of all this was that the Indians were in sufficient force to make an attack upon the post.

This was a most alarming fact, for it was proof that the Indians were very numerous and daring.

Furthermore, if there was an army in front of Sheridan, and Lone Wolf, who was undoubtedly the leader, deemed there was a prospect of carrying such a strong station, the situation was as serious as it could well be.

No one in the party believed that Colonel Bailey lacked the power to make a successful defense against all the Indians that could be brought against him.

But the great fact that concerned the party, who had come to a halt, was that, under such a condition of affairs, there was no means by which they could enter the fort and place themselves under the protection of its walls.

The question then remained as to what they should do.

Fort McAtee was a hundred miles off, and the way there was through the most perilous kind of country.

"Thar's one thing that we'll do," said Long Jim, "and that is, Mickey and me will go ahead and find out how the land lays, and you can wait til we come back."

The proposition was acted upon at once, none of the company dreaming what the issue was to be to that attempt

(To be continued.)

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. [illegible]

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD girl, lost in Minnesota woods, had the good sense to hang bits of her dress on bushes as she wandered, and these led to her discovery, after she had lived four days on berries and wild onions.

TOPSY-TURVY;
OR,
The Boy Explorer,
AND
THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER XI.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY.

THE development of Captain St. Clair's views in relation to the changed aspect of the British Islands and the new Polar condition, which had, with such startling rapidity, altered the face of the country and the surrounding seas, afforded a sufficient explanation of many of his remarks which had been deemed peculiar by the rest of the party, and more particularly of the importance which he had attached to the incident of the arrival of a drove of Esquimaux dogs in their midst.

The *Herald* correspondent, who had begun to imagine that the captain was mad, now perceived that there was, at least, method in his madness, and gained in respect for him accordingly.

On the day following the events recorded in the last chapter, the entire household began to make preparations for the journey which was before them. Their habitation was ransacked to discover everything within it which might be turned to use on this trip of Arctic exploration.

A careful examination discovered many things which might be considered absolute necessities. As to this, of course, the first care was for food, and it seemed in the beginning that this matter was to prove one of considerable difficulty; for while there was food enough for use in their present condition, it was not in the shape for transportation, and particularly for such a journey as that upon which they were about to enter.

Fortunately, a happy thought occurred to Greenough. He, having resided for some time on the island, was familiar with the village, as, indeed, he had been with most of the residents.

A suggestion from him, which was immediately carried into effect, was in the form of a proposition to send out a scouting party or exploring party, to examine the village and see whether or no there might not be such articles as they required stored away in some of the shops or other establishments.

"I know," he said, "that whalers have stopped here and have been supplied with goods and articles which I should imagine would be such as we will require."

A committee of three was accordingly appointed—Greenough, Captain St. Clair and Lieutenant Jasper. To this foraging party the professor insisted upon being added, declaring that if he did not go more frequently into the open air than he had been of late accustomed to doing, he should not in the least be prepared to endure the extreme cold of an extended journey north.

So on this very day the party of four set out in the morning, being dressed with a due regard to the change of temperature which they would be certain to experience.

It was not more than an eighth of a mile to the village, and as they walked fast this distance was soon passed over.

Very speedily after leaving the house indications could be seen of the unhappy condition of things which had been so graphically described by Captain St. Clair.

On reaching the outskirts of the village and the first houses, it was seen that these were generally banked up with snow to above the lower story; but on going further down the hill it was found that a number of them had been protected by their position, and were easily accessible—such was the case with most of the stores on the main street. Here the doors were found open, and on entering, everything was seen to be in the greatest confusion. Articles were scattered about the floor, and evidences of extreme haste were prominent everywhere.

It was a gloomy and painful sight, rendered sad and terrible, too, in some instances, by the discovery of the dead bodies of little children, and feeble and elderly persons who had been left behind.

These were found to a much larger number than had been anticipated. They had come out of their houses, or been helped out and moved a short distance—and always toward the south—but had fallen in their tracks, incapable of further progress. But disliking to dwell upon these scenes, and desiring, moreover, to accomplish, as rapidly as possible, the main object of their search, the party proceeded, under guidance of the telegraph operator, to the principal store, some ways down the main street, where he thought might be obtained the articles which they most needed.

This was a substantial two-story building, built of stone. The lower floor was a fair-sized room, used as a shop, with counter, scales, and shelving filled with various articles for domestic use, and presented the appearence of a country store almost anywhere.

The party stood in the middle of the shop, looking about them at the shelves, trying to spy out something that might answer to their need, when the quick eye of Lieutenant Jasper discovered what they were in search of.

Pointing toward one part of the apartment, he said, in his customary sententious manner:

"There are canned meats and pemmican, and they are just the articles we want most."

Closer examination showed the lieutenant was right. Some forty or fifty cans, containing the articles named, were speedily transferred from the shelves in question, and placed upon the counter for ready transportation.

In this store were found also a number of fur coats, carefully bestowed in cedar boxes, ready to be brought out for the Winter trade. These were at once seized upon and appropriated, as Captain St. Clair remarked, quaintly, "in the name of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria."

"By-the-way," said the *Herald* correspondent, after replacing his cap, which he had lifted in company with the others, on hearing the Queen's name in her own domains, "I wonder what has become of Her Majesty."

"Do not go into that," said Captain St. Clair, "if you love me. When we begin to wonder what has become of people we shall never stop. There is one thing you may be sure of—that she has been well taken care of, at least. We must remember, too, that it will have been more feasible to escape from London than from this bleak and dreary place."

Proceeding now to the second story, it was found that this had been used as a storehouse for heavier articles for domestic use, which were more bulky than the contents of the room below; and what was of more importance here was the discovery of quite an arsenal of firearms, and a considerable stock of gunpowder, besides harpoons, spears, whalers' knives, and other implements employed in the whale-fishery; several entirely new fowling-pieces and breech-loading rifles were selected, and a sufficient quantity of gunpowder and cartridges were carried below.

Professor Gorbean, who had considered himself privileged by his corpulence to remain down-stairs, had occupied himself in exploring such parts of the store as had not been examined, and in the course of this had come upon a small medicine-chest, fully supplied with everything requisite, and which he seized upon with great glee. There were also found cans of onions, tomatoes, and other vegetables; bags and boxes of ship-bread, and, in fact, everything that seemed necessary for the commissariat and quartermaster's department of the new exploring expedition.

Having arranged everything to be conveniently accessible, the four gentlemen closed and barricaded the door as well as they could, for fear of possible wolves, or other animals, and proceeded back to the station. They had no hesitation in taking what they saw and needed, as everything had been deserted, without the remotest probability of ever again being sought after by the former owners.

It had been found that, besides the sledge which has already been mentioned, there was another, still larger, in one of the lofts of the barn; this would allow for a division of the dogs and supply carriage for the party, as well as for the necessary provisions.

The weather continued to be exceedingly pleasant, excepting the intense cold, which, on account of the fact that there was little wind, was not felt to a degree to be very uncomfortable.

It became now the custom of all the party, including Mrs. Houghton and her daughter, to make several excursions about the island every day, in order that all might be fully accustomed to the new climate, and thoroughly capable of standing the cold. Fortunately, they were all in robust health and the possessors of sound constitutions. The ladies soon became as hardened to the cold as were the rest, and passed much of their time in the open air.

The greatest care was given to the preparations necessary before their departure that nothing which was valuable and necessary should be left behind, and nothing which could be dispensed with carried along.

The dogs, meanwhile, throve wonderfully, being well fed and carefully attended to by Terence, who took great delight in attaching them to the sledges with a harness which he had constructed, and driving them out over the snow and ice. He soon became expert in their management; and having made for himself a whip, after the true Esquimaux pattern, as described by Lieutenant Jasper, the latter individual taught him how to employ it to great advantage in driving his novel turnout.

This whip had a short, thick stock, not more than eighteen inches in length, and heavy at the butt, while the lash was fully thirty feet in length, made of narrow thongs of leather, carefully fastened end to end.

The days passed in such occupations as we have described, and it was now near the middle of September; Captain St. Clair began to be anxious to make a start, and as everything was ready, and the others nowise unwilling, a day was fixed when they should set out upon their journey. The time which elapsed before this was passed in making the last selections of luggage and in packing the articles carefully upon the sledges.

It was estimated by the captain and lieutenant that they could carry enough provisions to last them at least three months. By that time they anticipated meeting some whaler, and otherwise trusted to the chapter of accidents; although it was also assumed that parties of traveling Esquimaux might be encountered, on whom some dependence could be placed with regard to provisions; while there was always a possibility of obtaining sufficient game, of one kind or another, to keep them alive; and at the last there was the final resort of returning in case the ideas of the leaders of the expedition should prove to have been ill-founded.

It had been determined, with one voice, that Captain St. Clair should take the leadership, and next to him, it was equally agreed, should be considered Lieutenant Jasper.

On the night before the day when they were to start, the captain laid out his plan of operations in a brief discourse.

"We are," he said, "at present at fifty-two degrees north latitude, and our course, as decided upon, is to be northward—that is to say, if I am permitted to amend our original decision, northwestward. In fact, I may remark to you, my friends, that as leader of this exploring expedition, my design is to institute a search for——what do you think?"

"Sir John Franklin?" asked the *Herald* correspondent.

At this all the others laughed.

"Sir John Franklin," observed Captain St. Clair, quite seriously, "having been born in 1786, would be now, if he were alive, a century old. I have therefore no very sanguine hopes of discovering him; and I may say briefly that the answer of my respected young friend, the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, is incorrect. Try again."

"The North Pole," suggested Mrs. Houghton.

"The North Pole," replied the captain, "is possible, but is not the main object of my search."

"The open Polar Sea," was the professor's offering.

"I have some expectation of reaching the open Polar Sea," was the captain's response to this proposition. "But still I am compelled to state that the open Polar Sea is not the main object for which I am going to investigate the Polar regions."

"We give it up," said Greenough.

To which all the rest very willingly acceded.

"Very well, then, ladies and gentlemen. Although I did not put my question in the light of a conundrum, I will accept your incapacity to answer. I am going in search of the Gulf Stream."

"The Gulf Stream!" cried the professor; "surely you do not expect to find the Gulf Stream with sledges and Esquimaux Dogs; why, that remarkable current will have frozen up in the Polar Sea."

"Not exactly," said the captain, "and yet we may chance upon it."

"And supposing you do," said Wilcox, "it will be but a slight advantage to you in taking us to a civilized region, since it must necessarily be running northward."

"Very well put," said the captain; "and yet the Gulf Stream is precisely what I am after. But to continue, we shall travel in a northwesterly direction.

While the captain had been speaking, Terence, who had at first been an eager listener with the rest, had gradually succumbed to the combined influences of fatigue and a general distaste for scientific discussions, and had fallen into a peaceful slumber in his chair by the big fireplace.

As the captain concluded his last remark he arose from his seat, and, stepping across the room, touched Terence on the shoulder, eliciting from him, however, no response save a subdued sound, such as is customarily termed snoring. A rough shake of the shoulder, which the captain now tried, was entirely successful, and Terence, springing to his feet, rubbed his eyes and shouted:

"Yis, sorr; comin', sorr."

"Terence," said the captain, "what did you do with that large package which we brought up on the sledge from the village this morning?"

"I have it jist outside."

"Go and fetch it."

Terence left the room, and the captain resumed his seat.

In a few moments the Irishman returned, bearing in his arms a considerable bundle of some black-looking material.

"Undo the cord, Terence," said the captain, "and let us see what we have here."

This was presently done. When the bundle showed that it was elastic, at least, by suddenly extending itself half the length of the room, to the manifest dismay of the two ladies, who left their chairs hastily and retreated to the wall.

"Do not be alarmed, ladies," said the captain; "it is nothing but india-rubber."

Thus reassured, Mrs. Houghton and her daughter came forward, while all left their places about the table to examine the captain's discovery.

The latter was, meanwhile, busily employed about the strange-looking object on the floor, and after searching for a few moments, lifted what appeared to be a small tube to his lips. Into this tube he began to blow with considerable force, when the shapeless mass commenced to assume form and to spread itself into considerable dimensions.

"Take that tube at the other end, Jasper," said the captain, "and see what kind of a blower you make."

The lieutenant proceeded to do as he had been requested. Both the officers devoted themselves to their new duty with so much force as to speedily accomplish the object they had in view.

When this was done, all cried aloud with amazement. In fact, it was indeed astonishing, one might almost say magical, for now there lay extended along the floor a perfectly-formed boat, made entirely of india-rubber, the sides of which being inflated, gave it its proper shape, offering apparently very desirable means for navigation. A little manipulation of the tubes closed the aperture, and Captain St. Clair and the lieutenant stood looking rather proudly upon their work.

"What are you going to do with that, captain?" said Wilcox.

"Ah, you shall see after a while. You must be satisfied now, as I am, with the knowledge that we possess this especial treasure. After the Esquimaux dogs I do not know of anything more to be desired in our present circumstances."

"But where did you discover it?" asked Mrs. Houghton.

"Terence and I found it yesterday in a little shop which we had not before visited, in quite an out-of-the way corner of the village."

"A little one-story building, with a tree in front of the door?" asked Greenough.

"Precisely," cried the captain.

"Ah, I know what place that is," continued the young man. It was the residence of a queer old customer. By-the-way," he added, turning to Wilcox, "he was a countryman of ours—an American inventor. He came over here when the first cable was laid in 1858. He had something to do, I believe, with the manufacture of the gutta-percha which was used in making the cable. I rather think he had an interest in the patent for applying it to that purpose, and lost all his money in the speculation, somebody else reaping the profit, as is usually the case with inventors. Whether he was ashamed to go home or not, I do not know, but he settled down here, and did a sort of tinkering and jobbing business, fixing up boats and vessels, and making himself generally useful to the fishermen and ship-captains. As he could never be quiet from inventing, I suppose this was one of his productions."

"Well," said the professor, "let us hope that he has got safely away, since the captain thinks the boat is a valuable discovery. I agree with him, and I wish our friend, the American inventor, every success."

The captain now opened the vents of the tubes, permitting the air to escape, when the boat speedily collapsed, and in a very few moments, with the assistance of Terence, he had restored it to its original condition of a package about two feet square.

"How did you find out," asked Wilcox, "the mode of operating it?"

"Oh, I worked at it this morning until I discovered it. It is very simple, as you see."

"Do you believe it to be strong enough to be of actual service?" asked Lieutenant Jasper.

"I am quite satisfied that it is," replied his superior. "Boats of a similar character have been used by whaling-vessels and others for some years, and it is surprising how much strength and power of resistance they exhibit. I should imagine that they would be especially valuable on such a journey as ours. Besides, this one is peculiarly constructed, being ribbed all over with some tough but elastic material, which appears, on examination, to be placed between the rubber envelopes. Of course, I did not care to cut into it to see what these ribs were, but I presume they are intended to add to the strength of the boat, and will doubtless accomplish this purpose.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have said all that is necessary. We start to-morrow, and we divide the dogs into two teams, and attach each team to a sledge; the ladies will ride, except they choose to walk for exercise, and, in fact, we will all ride as much as we can, so as to get over the ground—that is to say, the ice, as rapidly as possible.

"Now, then, you have the whole matter in a nutshell; the dogs, the sledges, the rubber boat. If any one is dissatisfied with the extent of the information I have offered, I shall be happy to increase his or her knowledge as to the matter in about two months."

A general laugh followed this speech, but as all were perfectly satisfied that the captain could take them through whatever might be in store for them successfully, no further questions were asked.

It was now bedtime, and the captain having waked up Terence, who had gone to sleep again without the slightest difficulty, the party presently retired, to pass their last night upon Valentia Island.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SLEDGE JOURNEY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

ON the following morning our party were up and active at an early hour, and as all the necessary preparations had been completed on the previous day, as soon as a hearty meal was dispatched each individual got ready for the start.

The articles of warm clothing which had been manufactured or procured during the previous few weeks were now brought forth, and soon each one was arrayed in strict traveling costume, furs and woolens chiefly predominating.

Terence had fed the dogs carefully, and these were now harnessed in two separate teams to the sledges.

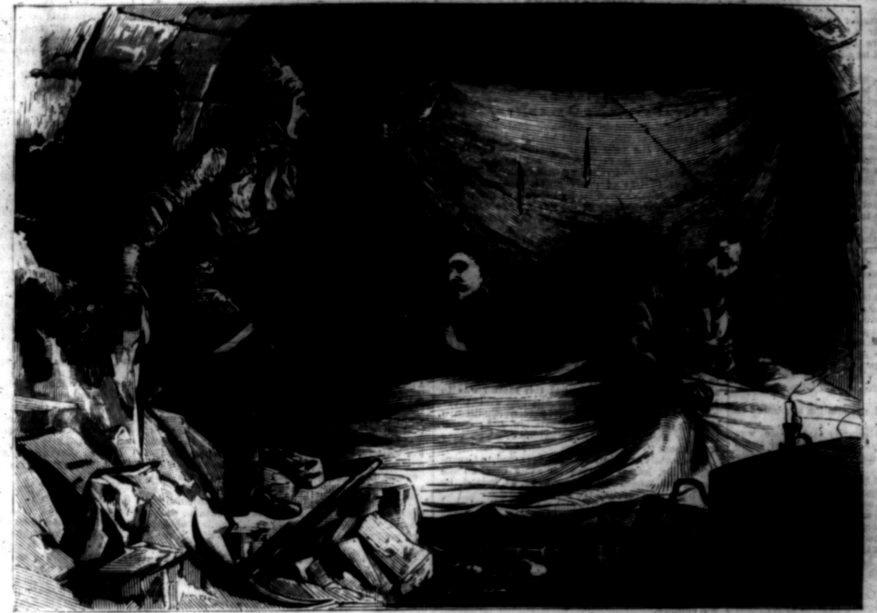
At the last, Captain St. Clair, who had disappeared for a moment, reappeared from some hiding-place within the station, with a small box, concerning which he seemed considerably exercised lest anything should happen to it.

"What have you got there, captain?" said Mrs. Houghton, as he came out of the door.

"This, my dear lady," replied the captain, "is our guide, philosopher and friend on the present excursion; it is a mariner's compass."

It was soon securely bestowed on one of the sledges, and then all prepared to arrange themselves for the journey.

As the ladies preferred walking down the steep hill which led to the confines of the island, the gentlemen accompanied them, excepting Wilcox, who volunteered to drive one of the teams, while Terence took charge of the other.



TOPSY-TURVY.—"WILCOX SHOUTED: 'FOR GOD'S SAKE, CAPTAIN, AWAKEN EVERYBODY; THE SEA IS UPON US!'"—SEE PAGE 23.

The last act of the party on leaving the island was performed by Captain St. Clair, who hauled down the British flag, which was floating over the station, while Lieutenant Jasper discharged his rifle into the air as a parting salute.

All then turned their backs upon the building which had furnished them a shelter, and had witnessed so many pleasant hours despite the embarrassing and even saddening circumstances which had surrounded the latter part of their stay within it.

Greenough and the lieutenant walked beside the sledges as these were drawn slowly and cautiously to the edge of the hill, examining lest the packing should have been carelessly performed in any particular; but everything was found to be solidly established, and no accident occurred—the sledges making the descent without difficulty.

Terence drove the first sledge, in which were bestowed Captain St. Clair, Mrs. Houghton and her daughter.

The second sledge was driven by Wilcox, and on that were Lieutenant Jasper, Greenough, and the professor, making the load for each four persons, besides the luggage.

Captain St. Clair commanded the first sledge and Lieutenant Jasper the second.

Thus arranged, the former gave the order to "Go." The two drivers cracked their whips in the air, and the trained dogs started off with their burdens at a good round pace.

As far as eye could reach the ice was smooth, being covered with a crust of snow, which the captain estimated might be eight or ten feet in thickness. This condition of the surface was only broken by occasional hummocks or small bergs, none of these being more than fifteen or twenty feet in height. It was easy going, and very simple steering to get around these and follow a pretty straight course in the direction desired.

The air was still, and although the temperature was sixty degrees below zero, no inconvenience was felt, each person being thoroughly protected, their faces, in particular, being especially guarded from the danger of frost-bites.

After the curious sensation produced by this unaccustomed mode of traveling had worn away, all expressed themselves as charmed with its pleasant motion, while the ladies, in particular, were exhilarated, and enjoyed it immensely.

The dogs bounded easily over the ice, on which the smooth-polished runners of the sledges slid with lightning speed. Nothing living was to be seen apart from the contents of the sledges themselves. Mile after mile was passed in this way, without any incident occurring to relieve the monotony of the scene, yet there was so much that was new and extraordinary in the very character of this monotony that no one felt any desire for a change.

Captain St. Clair held his compass under constant observation, keeping his sledge well in the selected course, being closely followed by Wilcox, perhaps a couple of hundred yards behind him.

For the first half hour there was considerable conversation, but after that, the rapid movement of the sledges making it rather difficult, all relapsed into silence, and nothing was heard but the patter of the dogs' feet and the sharp ring of the iron-shod runners on the ice. This continued for a couple of hours, when the captain called a halt.

The dogs were stopped, and a rest of a few moments enabled the passengers to get out of their cramped position and move about a little, a circum stance which they did not in the least regret.

It was by this time nearly noon, they had been traveling some two hours, having started at nine o'clock precisely, and the captain estimated that they had gone about twenty miles. The island which they had left could be dimly discerned in the distance, its bold headland looming up in the clear atmosphere. Before and around them was the limitless horizon, with no object apparently intervening.

As Lieutenant Jasper was scanning the distance though a spyglass, an exclamation from him attracted the attention of the others, and the captain stepped to his side.

Handing the latter his glass, the lieutenant pointed in the direction in which they had been going, at the same time saying something which was inaudible to the rest of the party; the captain peered through the glass for some moments and returned it to his subordinate; then, joining the others, he said:

"I suspect we are to have company presently."

"Of what sort?" asked Mrs. Houghton. "I hope no more Polar bears!"

"No; these, if I mistake not, are human beings."

"Can it be possible?" responded the lady. "Surely none of the islanders can have gone in this direction?"

"No, I do not think that they are the islanders. But we shall soon know. In the meantime, as the dogs are pretty well rested, we had better be moving."

All, accordingly, mounted the sledges again; the dogs sprang to their feet; the whips were cracked, and away they flew over the ice.

In less than a quarter of an hour the objects which had attracted Lieutenant Jasper's attention could be plainly seen with the naked eye, and seemed to be a number of persons walking on the ice, at a distance of some four or five miles away—too far, of course, to be more than just seen.

It did not take long, however, for the dogs to hurry over the intervening space, and as they drew nearer the little black figures assumed stature and form, and could presently be made out quite plainly.

The second sledge had drawn up abreast of the first one, and Lieutenant Jasper, who still had the glass, and was examining the newcomers through it, suddenly called out as he closed his glass:

"I thought so, captain; they are Innuits."

"Ah!" ejaculated Captain St. Clair, "I am glad of that."

"Do tell me," said Mrs. Houghton; "what are Innuits?"

The captain laughed.

"From the sound," he said, "you might imagine them some strange kind of bird or animal; they are really what are commonly called Esquimaux. It is a name that they give themselves, and to which they are certainly entitled."

"And how is it possible that they could have got here so far south?" inquired Mrs. Houghton.

"That we shall soon know, doubtless," said the captain; at the present, I confess I am as ignorant as yourself on that subject."

The strangers were now within a few rods of the sledges, but had paused, and seemed hesitating and doubting whether to approach any nearer; a moment more, however, brought the two parties together.

There were at least twenty of the Innuits, all men, short and stocky in appearance, and clad in furs.

The dogs were stopped, and Captain St. Clair and the lieutenant leaped out upon the ice and approached the Innuits. One of these latter, who appeared to be their leader, stepped forward, when Captain St. Clair addressed him in the Innuit language, and for a few moments they were in animated conversation.

In the meantime, Wilcox and Greenough had joined the others; the professor, however, remaining in his seat.

Captain St. Clair left the Esquimaux, and, with Wilcox and Greenough, returned to the side of the sledge where were Mrs. Houghton and her daughter.

"Do tell me," said the former to the captain, as he approached; "what do they say? for I saw you conversing with them, and am dying with curiosity."

"A very extraordinary story, as near as I can make it out," replied the captain; "though I confess it is a little mixed, probably owing to the fact of my long want of practice in the language. This, however, appears to be their statement: Something over a month ago, as near as I can make out, while fishing through the ice in the upper part of Baffin's Bay, they were startled by some tremendous convulsion, which appeared and broke the ice in all directions about them, leaving the entire party on a huge floe, many acres in extent. At the same moment that this broke up, a rapid current was formed, which bore them with great speed to the southeast, through Davis's Strait, and into the open sea."

All the party had gathered about the captain to listen to him, and as he said this Wilcox remarked, interruptingly:

"If that be the case the solid ice cannot extend very far north, which would seem to be different from what you expected. Is it not so, captain?" he inquired.

Captain St. Clair smiled in a sly sort of way, and then said:

"I have not told you, my young friend, all of what I did and do expect. So far my own judgment or suspicion is corroborated by what the Innuits' leader tells me; but to proceed:

"The party had been successful in their fishing, having taken a walrus and a number of seals, so that they had sufficient food to answer their necessities during a period of, I should imagine, about ten days. Then, it appears, they struck solid ice. As there was, at this time, only water behind them, they had no recourse but to push in this direction, which they accordingly did. This is as I understood them; of course, I may be mistaken, but I should imagine that this ice does not extend more than a few hundred miles north of where we now are."

"But, then," said Lieutenant Jasper, "they must have floated with tremendous rapidity to have got so far in such a brief period?"

"Yes," replied the captain, "I forgot that the chief told me, signifying it, however, mainly by signs, that they went many times faster than the fastest dogs can travel with a sledge, which is about the only way in which he could have conveyed to me the intelligence."

The Esquimaux had by this time got over their first sensation of doubt and suspicion, and had approached the sledges and examined their contents with considerable curiosity and interest, but without disturbing anything. Approaching their leader, the captain spoke to him for a few moments, others of the party occasionally joining in the conversation.

"They are quite lost, poor fellows," said captain St. Clair, presently, turning to the others of his party, "and do not know what to do. I advised them to go on with us, but they are unwilling to do so, having no means of proceeding by water. After all, it is, perhaps, better, as we have but one boat; and as they are accustomed to this climate, it makes very little difference whether they are off the coast of Ireland or in the Arctic regions."

The interview closed a little later; the captain gave the Esquimaux a few presents in the way of articles of food; our friends mounted their sledges, and the two parties separated, the Innuits remaining still where they were for some time, when they took their departure in the direction of the island, as the captain had given them the necessary information.

"In return," said he, "they informed me that some six hours' journey from here I should find a place where we could encamp for the night."

"That is what troubles me," said Mrs. Houghton, "and I have been at a loss to know how we are to spend our nights."

"You may be sure I had not forgotten that part of the question," said the captain, "and I think we would have got accommodations, even had we not met the Innuits. But as it is, we will have less work to perform. As this was about as near telling what he knew as Captain St. Clair ever reached, the others were forced to be satisfied, and could only wonder among themselves what provision for encampment he had in his mind. All, except Lieutenant Jasper, who, being an old Arctic explorer, probably surmised the fact.

The journey was now continued for several hours, when a halt was made and a hearty meal enjoyed. Through the care of Captain St. Clair sufficient food had been packed in such form that it could not freeze, to answer the purpose of the first day's journey. After that, his thorough knowledge of the methods in use among northern explorers would enable him to avoid this difficulty, or provide for it.

During the afternoon nothing occurred of importance or interest, and toward sundown the travelers approached the spot which had been indicated by the Innuits as that selected for their encampment on the night before. The direction had been so accurately given to Captain St. Clair, that the sledges reached it without difficulty; but after having gained the spot, no one could have readily learned from the outside indications that they had reached it.

The captain's experienced eye, however, showed him a considerable mound, which bore an artificial appearance, and approaching this, the dogs were stopped, and all descended from the sledges. On closer examination, this mound proved to be a hut dug into the snow, only the crust of which for a few inches was frozen hard; the hut itself was simply a snowbank some fifteen feet in height, and about the same in diameter. From this there extended a long, low mound of snow, looking like a gigantic grave. At the extreme end of this was an opening large enough to admit a person in a stooping or crawling posture with ease.

Lieutenant Jasper, familiar with the sight, approached this opening and entered it without hesitation, disappearing within the interior.

"Why, where can the man be going?" said Mrs. Houghton, in surprise and dismay.

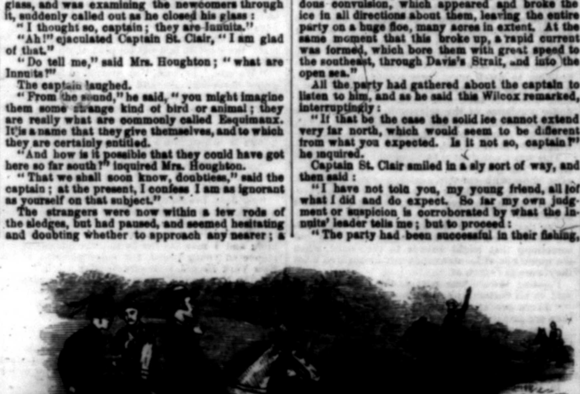
"Exactly, my dear madam," said the captain, "where we are all going presently. This is our house for the night—we are lucky not to have to build it ourselves."

"And do you expect me to crawl into that hole," said she, raising her hands in horror.

"I certainly do," replied the captain, unless you should feel more inclined to staying outside, which I can scarcely imagine; but, seriously, Mrs. Houghton, you need not be in the least alarmed. See, I will show you." And the captain entered the aperture and disappeared, as the lieutenant had done, crying out to the latter, whose voice from within could be heard uttering a muffled response.

The remainder of the party stood looking blankly at each other; but presently Wilcox said:

"Well, where they can go I am not afraid to follow, so good-by. If I do not return, send a line to the *Herald*, and they will give me an obituary notice." And first shouting a loud halloo at the entrance, to let them know he was coming, he followed the others.



LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"HE WAS RIDING AT A HEADLONG SPEED, AND AS HE SAW THAT THE WHITES WERE LOOKING AT HIM, HE SWUNG HIS ARM ABOVE HIS HEAD AND SHOUTED OUT SOME WORDS IN A FRIGHTENED MANNER."—SEE PAGE 22.

"Now this is all very well," remarked Professor Corbeau; "but allowing everything else to be agreeable and satisfactory, it is quite possible that I cannot enter through that hole, no matter how I may desire to."

"It is quite likely that I won't," said Miss Houghton; "I have no fancy for any such explorations."

"But, my dear," responded her mother, "there seems to be nothing else for us but this, and if the others can do it, why cannot we?"

The young lady, however, was obstinate, and determined that nothing should induce her to make such a ridiculous figure of herself, as she said, as would occur if she followed the example of those who had already gone into the hut. While her mother was endeavoring to reason with her as to this, Captain St. Clair made his appearance at the mouth of the opening, and was soon by their side.

"It is a very comfortable place, I can assure you. Those fellows understood their business, as, indeed, all Innuits do. Now come, Mrs. Houghton. It is only a matter of a few moments, and I assure you that there is nothing uncomfortable about it. The passage is wider within than at the opening, widening, in fact as you proceed."

"But, my dear captain, what an absurd idea! What is the use of having that long, narrow entrance?"

"The greatest use in the world," replied the captain, "as you will find when you get within. It keeps the cold wind and snow from entering, and makes a very comfortable habitation of what would else be quite the reverse."

Reassured by the statement of the captain, Mrs. Houghton at length consented to try the experiment, and Emmeline, finding that her mother was going, made up her mind not to be left behind.

It was accordingly arranged that the captain should go first, to be followed by Mrs. Houghton, after which her daughter, and the others bringing up the rear. The passage was about twenty feet in length, and after the moment of entrance presented nothing disagreeable except the darkness.

The two ladies were courageous in having undertaken what they certainly considered a difficult feat. They performed it admirably. The space widened as they proceeded, crawling on their hands and knees, and in a very few moments they found themselves standing erect in a large and comfortable apartment, dimly lighted from a hole in the top. Around the sides of the hut were raised banks of snow, for couches or sleeping-places.

All, except Terence and the professor, had now entered the hut, and, having got in, expressed themselves as surprised and pleased with its accommodations.

"Yes, we shall do very well," remarked the captain, looking around; "all we require is to divide the apartment, leaving the sheep on one side and the goats on the other, and that can be done without much trouble."

"But what are we do for a light when night comes on?" said Mrs. Houghton.

"Oh, I will arrange that," replied the captain. "You will find there is no end to my resources."

Calling through the opening, to let the others know that they were coming, the captain and Jasper now left the hut, and soon all, except the ladies, were again outside.

"We shall have to make some provision for the protection of the dogs," said the captain, "and that will require a little digging."

Picks and shovels were not wanting among the implements provided by the foresight of the captain, and these being taken from the sledges, all set to work digging in the snow. It did not take a long time to excavate a hut large enough for the dogs, and food being given them, they were speedily made comfortable, the entrance to their quarters being closed sufficiently to prevent their escape, and yet allowing them sufficient air.

Then the captain set to work to ransack one of the sledges for various articles which he would need, and having them transferred to the interior of the hut by Terence, who had made no difficulty whatever as to entering it.

Last of all, carefully bestowed within was Professor Corbeau.

The quick, sharp eyes of the Frenchman had truly advised him of the difficulties in the way of his gaining admission, and in fact it was found necessary to cut away a little of the exterior opening of the passage in order to permit of his unwieldy frame obtaining admission. This was successfully accomplished, however, and by the time it was dark all were safely ensconced in their novel dwelling, which was by this time illuminated brightly by means of a peculiar arrangement effected by the captain. This consisted of a deep pan, filled with oil, in which a bunch of wick floated, the latter being lighted by a match, affording sufficient light to read by, if any one had so desired; this, in fact, being simply an improvement on the customary Innuit fashion.

The meats and other food, which they had brought with them into the hut, were found by this time pretty thoroughly frozen, but the temperature of the hut itself, with so many persons in it, and the heat generated by the extensive flame from their novel oil-lamp, nearly obviated this difficulty.

Besides, the captain showed the others how to eat in an Arctic climate. This process consisted simply in holding the food within the mouth, and without touching the lips, until the warm breath had got it into a condition fit for mastication and swallowing.

These little difficulties seemed rather amusing than annoying to the party, and did not in the least prevent them from enjoying a full meal.

After this had been done justice to, conversation on their prospects and the probabilities of the future continued for an hour or so, when the various packages which the captain had sent in to the hut were opened, and the furs and blankets which they contained were laid upon the snow couches, making very comfortable beds. A large piece of sailcloth was next produced, and this the gentlemen managed to hang at one end of the hut, leaving a considerable space, behind which the ladies retired for the night.

By ten o'clock all were silent within the hut, and the entire party sleeping peacefully.

They were not destined, however, to pass an uninterrupted night.

Wilcox, who was a light sleeper, was awakened about midnight by hearing a confusion of sounds without. He listened, but was unable to satisfy himself from what cause these sounds proceeded. The opening into the hut had been screened by a piece of the sailcloth which had been used in dividing the apartment, and on raising this, the *Herald* correspondent could hear the dogs barking and moving restlessly about.

Thinking it unnecessary to disturb the others, who were sleeping peacefully, and being himself possessed of considerable nerve, Wilcox left the hut and crawled through the passageway to the opening at the other end.

On emerging from this he discovered that the dogs were evidently greatly disturbed, and were jumping against the barrier which prevented them from making their way out of their quarters.

Looking about him over the ice, the young man could see nothing to cause this strange action on the part of the dogs.

Turning, by accident, in the opposite direction—that is, in the way toward which they had been proceeding on the day before, he could scarcely believe his own eyes.

The full moon was shining brilliantly, almost in the midheaven, illuminating the entire scene as it was reflected from the snow beneath with almost dazzling light. All around the crusted snow flashed and sparkled in this light with perfect whiteness. But to the amazement of the *Herald* correspondent, in the direction toward which he had last looked, and was still gazing, with his eyes fairly starting from their sockets, in the extremity of his wonder and horror, was a vast black moving expanse, extending almost to his very feet. For a moment he was dazed and incapable of reflection; then the truth suddenly flashed upon him; another moment and his presence of mind returned to him.

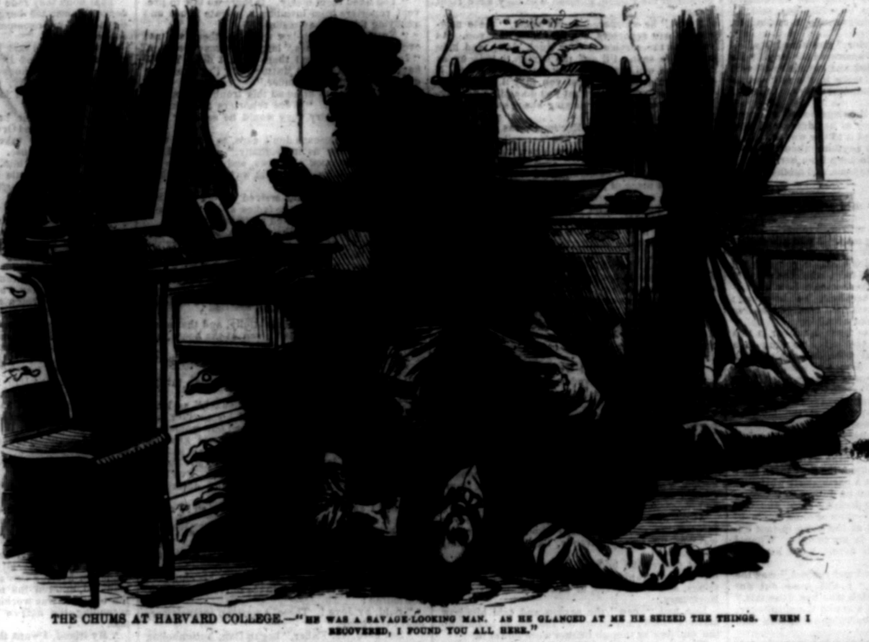
It was the work of an instant to seize one of the picks which lay by the sledge where it had been dropped a few hours before, and to dash madly at that point in the covered passage which gave immediate entrance to the hut, so that no time should be lost; in a moment he had cut a hole as broad as a door, and throwing the pick at his feet, sprang into the hut.

The sudden rush of cold air had awakened the captain, who was sitting up as the young man entered; to him Wilcox shouted:

"For God's sake, captain, awaken everybody; *the sea is upon us!*"

(To be continued.)

"Topsy-Turvy" was commenced in No. [illegible]



THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—"HE WAS A SAVAGE-LOOKING MAN. AS HE GLANCED AT ME HE SEIZED THE THINGS. WHEN I RECOVERED, I FOUND YOU ALL HERE."

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

FRANK L. GRANT,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FRANK L. GRANT is an intelligent youth who was recently presented to us at Grammar School No. 4, Ryerson Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was about to be promoted from Class B, first to the next highest, with a brilliant record for diligence and good conduct. He was born in Connecticut, March 9th, 1864, making him fifteen years of age. He is the son of William F. and Harriet N. Grant. When about seven years of age he commenced his studies in a pay-school, and later went to Grammar School No. 3. He improved rapidly, and when he finally became a pupil of No. 4 he was able to go into a class of the intermediate department. Since that time his course has been onward and upward to a degree which has attracted the attention of all the teachers who have taught him. They have always found him amiable, perfectly obedient, and earnestly devoted to his tasks. His present per centage is ninety-five, and he has been at the head of many of the other classes. He is a very agreeable youth, sincere, good-natured and cheerful. In stature he is well grown and erect, with self-possessed and easy manners. He is liked by those of his own age, for he has the qualities which draw youth to youth, and he is esteemed by those of adult years, for he has also the qualities which give the best indications of a sterling manhood.

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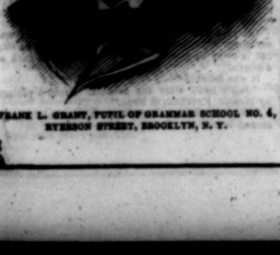
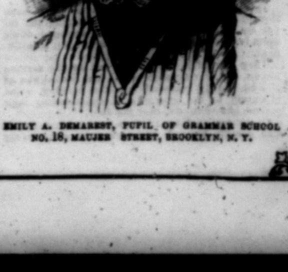
EMILY A. DEMAREST,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 18, MAUJER STREET, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

EMILY A. DEMAREST is a talented young lady who was presented to us with high encomiums at Grammar School No. 18, Maujer Street, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y. She is the daughter of Peter and Henrietta H. Demarest, and was born August 15th, 1862, making her seventeen years of age. Her earlier studies were pursued at home, and then, at the age of nine years, she entered the second primary class of Grammar School No. 1, in Brooklyn. After this she attended school in Detroit, Mich., for some four years; in Rochester, N. Y., for seven months, and then again in Detroit, where she became a pupil of the High School. In May, 1878, she entered Grammar School No. 18, and when we saw her was about concluding the studies of the highest class. On her graduation she expected to enter the High School, where, no doubt, other honors await her. Her per centage was one hundred, and Mr. Bush, the Principal, informed us that in point of intelligence she was a young lady of singular brilliancy. She is tall and graceful, with composed and ladylike manners. Her studies are characterized by great thoroughness. She is patient, persevering and methodical. Hence she reaches a high standard of excellence, and she does not fall away from it. Her classmates and other female companions regard her with affection, for she is tender-hearted, generous and sincere.



FRANK L. GRANT, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



EMILY A. DEMAREST, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 18, MAUJER STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AS THEY AVERAGE.

THE average boy believes that he may be happy when he is a man, and can do as he likes; the average man finds that he cannot do as he likes, and sighs to think he was not aware of the fact when he was a boy.

The average maiden imagines that most husbands are indifferent to their wives, and that a wife may keep a man a lover until he is old enough to die; the average wife finds it about all she can do to bear and train her children, cook, wash, sew, keep her house in "half-decent order," and twice a year visit her mother who lives six miles away. The average teacher thinks that never yet was one so tried as he, nor had a harder lot, and endured it better. The average parent of the average scholar thinks that in some things the present teacher might be improved on. The average spinster believes that nobody but herself knows just how to bring up children; while the aged grandmother realizes that most people have to bring up at least two before they can know how to bring up one properly. The average man or woman who has never had the care of children wonders "how people can have their houses so cluttered up and budgets in every chair," and they imagine that a person's bump of order must be small indeed who cannot successfully manage by moral suasion any five ordinary boys and girls. Those who love and have the care of children know that they are not like grown people, but must have both playthings and pets, and physical as well as mental exercise, even though there may be a budget in every chair, and muddy footprints on the floor. So it comes to pass that on an average each is happy in his own conceit, and would not change himself, his views, and his lot in life with any man.

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," INVENTIVE BEN," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

BENKEI IS HUNTED BY THE REPORTERS.

FOR a few moments Orville and Dan regarded their chum with speechless horror. However, they presently roused themselves, and Orv said:

"Go and call Don Mortimer. Don't alarm the family; just bring him here."

Dan did as he was desired, and in a few moments their friend entered the room.

"This is shocking!" he exclaimed. "Raise the poor fellow's head and bathe it with cold water. I'll make an excuse to the ladies that Benkei has been taken with dizziness, then will ride rown to the village for Doctor Williams."

Away he hurried, leaving the brothers to tend Benkei.

"He's reviving," whispered Orv. "See, his eyelids are trembling."

"Yes," nodded Dan. "Change this towel, brother; the bleeding is checked."

"What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Mortimer, who, not satisfied with her son's account, had hurried to the apartment. "Is Mr. Benkei liable to swoons?"

Dan motioned Orv to support the sufferer, after which he rose, went to the door, and said:

"Do not feel alarmed, madam; he is now all right."

"I must come in," she said, in a firm tone. "Have no fear; I've seen too many accidents to give way to foolish agitation," adding: "My son had blood on his hand, so I am sure your friend has met with a severe mishap. Please allow me to enter."

Of course, after that, the young man was obliged to admit their hostess, who, on seeing Ben, said:

"Place him on the lounge. He is coming to, nicely."

"But it will muss the cover," murmured Orville.

"That will not matter," answered the lady. "He has fallen against something and cut the small vein near his temple. A little more to the left and he would have severed the temporal artery. As it is, I can doctor him."

Mrs. Mortimer removed the rings from her fingers, pinned up the lace sleeves of her dress, and after making a compress, applied it to the wound.

Neither of the boys said anything about the robbery, which they desired to keep from her.

Benkei was soon able to speak, and his first words were:

"Who struck me?"

"Keep quiet, chum," said Orv. "It is all right."

"I saw his face in the mirror," remarked Ben. "He was a savage-looking man. As he glanced at me he seized the things."

"Hush!" said Dan; "don't excite yourself, old fellow;" and turning to the lady, who was examining the furniture, in order to ascertain how her visitor had met with his accident, he breathed: "Chum thinks some one assaulted him. Of course he does not know he has had a fit."

"I believe that there has been a robber in this room," quietly answered the lady, pointing to a pair of battered shoes that were half-hidden by a chair. "Our watch-dog died mysteriously this morning, and I felt sure he was poisoned. What is yonder, beneath the bed?"

Dan had no alternative but to examine the article, a murderous-looking life-preserver, the head of which was stained with blood.

The old lady minutely inspected it, then asked Ben how he had been attacked.

"I was dressing," he said; "the watch and chain and the lockets were lying upon the bureau, in their cases. I happened to have a particularly obstinate tuft of hair, that would not lie down, so I took a stick of cosmetic from my dressing-case, and was using it, when I saw the reflection of some one looking over my shoulder, and at the same instant experienced a crushing pain in my temple. When I recovered I found you all here. What has happened to me?"

"You have been assaulted and robbed," was the lady's indignant answer. "I will send out our people to hunt for the wretch who has done this."

As she spoke they heard a cry in the shrubbery, as though some one were being choked, then Don saying:

"You go in and see the wounded man, doctor. I'll fix this fellow."

Benkei's room was on the ground floor, and one of the windows, which opened on the veranda, was ajar.

"That is my son's voice," said Mrs. Mortimer, proudly. "He has captured your assailant."

In another moment Doctor Williams was in the apartment, and had confirmed the lady's conjecture.

After examining Benkei and pronouncing his wound painful but not dangerous, he said:

"We were entering the avenue at a smart trot, when Don suddenly reined in his horse. Before I could inquire the reason he had dismounted and was tearing across a field like a madman. I noticed the person he was pursuing doubled and ran back, as though making for the shrubbery, so I secured your son's horse and rode on; Don and the object of his extraordinary behavior vanishing in the shadows. As I approached the porch I saw a dark figure dart across the drive and disappear among the evergreens; then Don emerged, and shot out of sight just as quickly, and I heard a cry, and my friend's cheery voice announcing his success in capturing Mr. Benkei's assailant."

As he concluded speaking he made a gesture of silence, and they heard the senior's voice in the passage, saying:

"See here, my man, you'd better not give me any more trouble or I'll break every bone in your miserable body. Come along; I want to look at your face."

"Bring him in here, my son," said the proud old lady. "Mr. Benkei will then be able to tell if you have captured the right man."

By that time the entire establishment was alarmed, Mr. Mortimer and the ladies quitting the dinner-table, and the servants rushing into the hall.

"I've got the wretch," said Don, forcing his prisoner before him into Ben's room. "How is the patient?"

"I'm feeling pretty good," faintly answered the latter, as he turned and glanced at the ruffian. "That is the man whose face I saw in the glass."

Although the robber was almost twice the size of the collegian, the latter handled him as a woman does a child.

"You can swear to the fellow, then, Benkei? All right," he quietly observed. "I'll lock him up in the cellar. I've bound his hands securely. He has the jewelry upon him. Let Henry go down to the village for a constable."

After the man was removed, Don brought in the watch and trinkets, and exhibited them to Ben, saying:

"Why did you bring these with you?"

"They are Johnnie Brackett's presents," answered the other. "I'll try and keep them better after this."

"I must not return them to you," said Mortimer. Until the law decides his guilt these belong to the thief. I would not have had this thing occur to you on any account. The whole affair will get into the papers, and they will publish pictures of you in all sorts of attitudes."

"You please go and dine," urged Benkei. "I'm all right. You forget we Japanese are very hard-headed."

The party retired, leaving the patient with the doctor, who told Ben he would soon be all right.

That evening Orv, Dan and Don escorted the ladies to the ball, Benkei insisting they should not remain at home on his account.

Mrs. Mortimer took her place by his side, and they chatted about her son and Japan until Ben felt sleepy, when she bade him good-night.

The next morning he was up and about, and on Thanksgiving Day went to church with the rest of the family.

The news of the robbery and assault had been slow in reaching Boston, but that morning the reporters learned of the affair and swooped down upon Ivynook like a flock of vultures upon a battle-field.

They arrived in the village just as the sermon began, and, having ascertained that Benkei was at church, boldly marched into the building, some mounting to the gallery and others taking their places, like sentinels, near the door.

Of course, such an addition to the congregation was quickly noticed, and Don, who knew every person in the village, guessed who they were right away.

"Ben," he whispered to his guest, "these newcomers are reporters, come to interview you. As soon as the service is over duck down and hide under the seat. I'll ask the sexton to lock up as usual, and will come back after they are gone. If those men once get hold of you they'll print a nice lot of falsehoods as to what you do and do not say. I'm down on this interviewing business, and mean to disappoint the gang."

The family pew of the Mortimers was an old-fashioned, high-backed affair, like a small room lined with cloth, and was big enough to seat twenty persons.

After Don had communicated with Benkei he wrote on a piece of paper:

"There are a score of reporters in the church ready to pounce upon Mr. Benkei as soon as he leaves the building. At the conclusion of the service he will hide under the seat. Don't notice his act, and leave the matter to me. Pass this on to the next."

He handed this to his mother, who read it, and at first appeared to hesitate; however, she presently gave it to her husband, and so it went the rounds; meanwhile, the newspaper-men, spite of the sacred nature of the building and the glowing words of the preacher, were hard at work making notes.

"Which is the Jap?" murmured one of them to an old farmer, whom he had unceremoniously aroused from slumber.

The person addressed was a typical, hard-featured, stern New Englander, who, after eying his awakener, replied, in a loud voice:

"How?"

"Which of them is the Jap?" breathed the reporter.

"He-ow?" once more ejaculated the amazed native, who wondered from whence his interlocutor had sprung. "Who be yeu, eh?"

The newspaper man gave him up, as the congregation were beginning to glance toward him; though some of the invaders were more fortunate and succeeded in "spotting" Benkei.

At the close of the service, when the organ began to play, the scribes collected about the porch and watched for his appearance, like tigers awaiting their prey.

Out poured the body of the congregation, eager for turkey, cranberry-sauce, mince-pie, and other things, and after them, in solemn state, came the Mortimers.

Don had "seen" the sexton and told him how matters stood; arranging for the official to lock up the building as though Benkei were not in it.

The reporters scanned the group with eager eyes, and presently one said to the other:

"Where's the Jap? He's given us the slip."

The Mortimer family carriages were drawn up at the outer gate, with the liveried coachman, seated stiff as pokers, ready to drive off as their vehicles were filled.

First marched Don's parents: the father stern and proud, as became a man whose ancestors had amassed a fortune in the palm-oil trade; and the mother dignified, like the true lady that she was. After them came the girls, with Don, Orville and Dan.

As Mr. Mortimer was handing his wife into the first carriage of the line, a *Herald* reporter touched him upon the shoulder, saying:

"Pardon me, sir. Is Mr. Benkei, the freshman, who was robbed and almost murdered, in your house, with you?"

The old gentleman regarded him coldly for a moment, and answered:

"Sir, I decline to answer your most impertinent question."

The reporter merely smiled at this, and bowed to the irate speaker, who, stepping into his vehicle, directed the coachman to drive home.

"Good-day, Mr. Mortimer," said the newspaper employé, turning to Don and the chums. "I'm down here for the *Herald*. We've just heard the sad news of that little affair at your home on Saturday night. We were informed the Jap is with you here. Where is he? We're all anxious to interview him."

"Mr. Benkei is not one of our party," said the senior, motioning the brothers to see the ladies into the carriages. "He has a horror of being interviewed, so, on noticing you, quickly left us and returned to Cambridge. You'll find him at Room No. —, in Matthew's Hall, though I doubt if he will admit you."

"Could you favor us with his portrait?" asked another of the party. "I am an artist on the staff of the *Boston Illustrated Howler*. If you will permit me, I'll ride home with you and make a few sketches. We require a view of your house, portraits of all your family, visitors and servants, and a sketch of the room in which the deed was committed. I've taken the scene in church," exhibiting his book. "Will you be good enough to tell me the names of these persons in your pew?"

"No, sir," curtly answered Don. "Your intrusion is both impudent and unnecessary. We have no desire to figure in your paper."

Two of the vehicles, containing the young ladies and Dan and Orv, had been driven off, and there now remained but one of the Mortimer carriages—Don's dog-cart, upon which three reporters had coolly mounted, in order to accompany him to the Hall.

"It's no good your getting mad," smilingly observed the artist. "If you won't permit us to see the Jap or your house, we shall draw upon our imagination, and it will be all the worst for your friend."

Mortimer turned his back upon him, and addressing the intruders upon his carriage, said, in a quiet, significant tone:

"Gentlemen, if you do not descend from that right away, I shall direct my man to take the horse out of the shafts and shoot you into the road. If you desire to interview Mr. Benkei, go to his rooms in Matthew's."

By that time the sexton had locked the doors of the church, and was jingling the keys and smiling upon the visitors.

The reporters descended and joined their companions, one of whom said, as the senior mounted and seized the reins:

"We'll make it warm for you, young man!" adding, as he turned to the crowd: "Come, boys, the train starts in ten minutes. If we catch it we shall be in Cambridge by three o'clock."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INTERVIEWERS ARE VICTORIOUS.

DON MORTIMER drove a short distance from the church, and waited until the newspaper men were on board the train, after which he returned and rescued Benkei, who, on taking his seat beside his friend, said:

"You fixed them nicely. Is there no law to prevent reporters from invading a private house and annoying folks in that manner?"

"Nothing but club-law will stop them, and not even that in some cases," laughingly answered Don. "I am glad I noticed them when I did. They'll have a high old time at Matthew's. I'm afraid the door of your room will suffer."

"It is too bad to bring all this trouble upon your family," said Ben. "Were reporters to do such a thing in my country they would be severely punished."

"Oh, we Americans don't care, so long as they do not interview us individually," remarked the other. "They *must* get news, and one has to put up with the fellows. The best way is to bluff them as I did."

When the young men arrived at the hall they were congratulated by the ladies and a number of guests who had been invited to dine there.

"It was a master-stroke of yours, Donald!" said Mr. Mortimer. "I am proud of you. The legislature must take up this matter of interviewing private persons; it ought to be abolished."

"They would not get much by their impudence if everybody treated them as you did, Don," remarked Orville. "I mean to tell the boys all about it."

The dinner passed off delightfully, and that evening there was a grand ball given at the house, and the brothers were in their glory.

After one of the dances Dan's partner whispered to him:

"Who is that foreign-looking gentleman talking to the reporter of the Boston *Times*?"

"He is my friend, Mr. Yuzo Benkei," said the freshman, as he hurriedly handed his partner to a seat. "Will you please excuse me one moment?"

The lady bowed her acquiescence, and away he went to Ben, who, on seeing him approach, said:

"Oh, chum! let me introduce you to Mr. Fisher, an old Harvard man, and Don's cousin. I've been telling him all about the robbery and describing Brackett's presents."

"May I speak with you a moment, sir?" asked Dan.

"Certainly," was the pleasant response. "Mr. Benkei, I thank you for your information. When you next visit Boston call on me, *Times* office, top floor. Good-evening!"

Ben gaped in astonishment, and as his chum led the gentlemanly reporter into the refreshment-room, murmured:

"Sold, by Jove! These American interviewers beat everything."

"See here, Mr. Fisher," began Dan, buttonholing the cute journalist, "of course, as a member of the family and a visitor at this house, you won't make use of the information given you by my friend?"

"Why not, my dear boy?" coolly demanded the gentleman, who was furiously penciling dashes and dots in his note-book. "We tried every means we knew—sent a special down here this morning whom you fooled. I had an invitation to the ball, so I combined business with pleasure; came, saw and conquered! I've secured four columns, good."

As he uttered the last word he closed his book, glanced at his watch, nodded to the freshman and quitted the room, making the best of his way to the stable.

Dan followed him, and returning to the charge said:

"Surely your regard for your relatives will restrain you from betraying the trust imposed upon you as their guest?"

"Oh, nonsense," good-naturedly replied the other. "The public insist upon having news, and we are compelled to get it by hook or by crook. Cousin Don thought he was doing a smart thing when he hid the Jap in the pew, and sent our special to knock on the door of the vacant room in Matthew's, but we were bound to get at the bottom facts, and have succeeded in doing so."

"I consider your behavior an outrage upon the privacy of a family," hotly remarked Orville, who had just joined his brother. "If you have no regard for your relations, at least have some for your old college, and do not publish the story about the Japanese goods. Our chum told you *that* in confidence."

The gentlemanly reporter smiled, buttoned up his coat, and after bidding the groom hurry up with his horse, calmly remarked:

"My dear boys, you are young and innocent, and do not know any better, or you would not talk in that absurd way. Journalism sticks at nothing, respects no man's feeling, is like justice—calm, determined, unmoved by sentiment. Please excuse me to my charming cousins, and remember me kindly to uncle and aunt. Good-night; here is my animal, and I've not a moment to spare. Look out for to-morrow's edition of our paper."

In another moment he was out of sight, and after the brothers had vented their indignation in grumbling, Orv said to Dan:

"Confound him, he's right. It's worse than folly to attempt to fool a reporter. Don's cousin is a real smart fellow."

"He's a real unprincipled one," growled Dan. "I believe he'd report the death-agony of his own grandmother."

"Guess he would," chuckled Orv. "Interviewing is an American institution, and has become a necessity."

"It's worse than the inquisition," snapped Dan. "The Japanese are ahead of us; they won't allow folks to be insulted in this style."

"Oh, git out," merrily answered Orville. "You know you're just as anxious to read the latest news as any one. Come, I am engaged to such a swell girl for the next dance."

They soon forgot their annoyance, and enjoyed the ball immensely.

The following morning, when they appeared at the breakfast-table, Mr. Mortimer handed them a copy of the *Times*, remarking, as he did so:

"We forgot that my nephew, Charles Fisher, is a journalist. He has given a most graphic account of the assault and robbery. It reads like a page from the classics."

"Charlie carried away high honors at Harvard," said Don. "I think that he might be better employed than in reporting."

"My son," grandly replied the old gentleman, "journalism is an honorable occupation, and its professors are the coming men. In the old time the rising generation studied war as a means of bringing themselves into notice; now a man enters a newspaper-office. I predict that the future Presidents of the Republic will be men who have served their apprenticeship as your cousin Charlie is doing."

"That settles it," said his son, smiling at their visitors. "If I head the rank-list at commencement I shall apply for a position on some paper. I'm not going to let Charlie carry off the Presidency."

That noon they rode to Salem and gave their evidence against the burglar, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of five hundred dollars.

"I thought you said justice was very slow in this country?" observed Benkei to his chums as they quitted the court-house. "I was robbed and assaulted on Saturday, and to-day, Thursday, the prisoner is punished and I receive back my property."

"Oh, the robber had no political influence," laughingly answered Orville. "If he had killed you, folks would have taken up his case and voted money for his defense. We idolize a murderer and make everything of him. You'll learn this is so when you have been a little longer in the country. I'm not joking; *it's an awful fact*. A man has only to commit a brutal deed and he at once becomes a popular hero."

"That is different from our method," gravely answered the Japanese. "If one of my married countrymen is murdered we expose his body, so as to create a sympathy for his wife and fatherless children; if the victim is single, we call attention to his bereaved parents. We make it very unpleasant for a man who has ended another's life, and, when the wretch is pronounced guilty, cut off his head," adding, with a sly twitch of his lips: "But, then, we are only *heathen Japs*; when we are *more civilized* we may do as you do."

They returned to the Hall, and on the following evening bade adieu to the Mortimers and rode back to Cambridge.

"Hello!" cried Dan, as they entered the city and saw an illuminated light flashed upon the blank side of the building. "What is that?"

They reined in their steeds, and glancing up, saw an enlarged copy of Benkei's portrait—as taken by the photographer, around the picture being this inscription:

"The Jap who was robbed and almost murdered at Ivy Hall."

"What a horrible caricature!" said Don. "You never looked liked that in your life, Ben?"

"Oh, yes, I am ashamed to say I have," murmured the poor fellow. "I presented just that spectacle the Monday morning after I—drank that milk punch."

The exhibition evidently amused the crowd, who laughed and made all manner of jokes about it; while, on hearing Ben's explanation, Mortimer dismounted, entered the house on the roof of which the operator was working the magic lantern, and, ascending the narrow stairs, thus addressed the man:

"My friend, I want that picture."

"And pray, who are you?" demanded the enterprising advertiser. "I bought it of the photographer, and it's selling my stock of illustrated newspapers like hot-cakes."

Don took out his watch, and noting the time, quietly replied:

"My name is Mortimer. I am a Harvard student, and that brutal-looking photo is the private property of a good friend of mine. If you do not withdraw it and hand it to me within five minutes I will pitch you and your machine into the street."

"Try it!" said the man, turning defiantly. "You just try it, that's all."

"One minute," calmly observed Don. "Two, three, four, five!"

The advertiser placed himself before his property, as though to defend it, but was quickly thrust aside, and in another second Don had cut the rubber tube connecting the lantern with the gas retort, and had kicked the apparatus into the street.

CHAPTER XIX.

BENKEI IS INVITED TO BECOME A DARK HORSE.

"I'LL make you pay for this!" howled the advertiser, as he grabbed at the tap of the gas apparatus and reversed it. "If you Harvard men think that you can do just as you please with us citizens, you're mistaken."

"My name is Donald Mortimer," was the contemptuous rejoinder. "I live at room No. —, Matthew's. If you think you can punish me for what I have just done, you are at liberty to try. By right I ought to send you after your precious machine."

"Very well," snapped the man; "You will hear from my lawyers to-morrow."

Don turned upon his heel, and descending to the street, remounted his horse as coolly as though he had done any ordinary feat, and the collegians rode on, leaving the crowd roaring with laughter and kicking the apparatus hither and thither.

Of course, correctly speaking, he had done wrong; though had he not acted thus the man would have continued to use the picture.

The next day Benkei's lawyer called upon the photographers and scared them into giving up the negatives of the famous portraits, but nothing could stop the sale of the Boston *Howler*, which contained most atrocious illustrations of the whole affair.

"Just look at this!" cried Dan, as he indignantly held up one of the copies. "Here's Ben represented with a pig-tail like a Chinee, dressed in a nondescript sort of gown, with a hole in the top of his head, from which spouts gallons of blood, while his assailant is carrying off a trunk and a carpet-bag full of jewelry! It's a disgrace to our civilization that such things should be permitted."

"It's awfully comical," said Ben. "They have depicted you with short hair, and as wearing one of my beautiful plaid-shirts."

"And me in an ulster, with my hat on in the presence of ladies!" chuckled Orville. "I shall sue the proprietors for defamation of character."

"And my father as a regular old-time deacon," said Don. "Oh, won't this make the girls laugh!"

"Just read the captions," urged Dan, who took the matter thoroughly to heart. "Listen—'The Jap as he appeared looking at himself in the mirror.' Isn't it awful?"

"Well, they had only that delirious picture of mine to go by," said Benkei, smiling at the engraving. "Of course, they could not make me very pretty. I'm what you call homely, anyhow; still, they need not have given me a Chinese tail in one picture, a mop of hair in a second, and a beard and mustache in a third—all on one sheet. I can't be like several persons at a time."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Dan, opening the paper in the centre and displaying a double-page reproduction of the instantaneous photograph, "here's a ghastly thing!"

The face had been enlarged to life-size, and was certainly a frightful object, the engraver having cut it so as to give the idea Benkei was as dark as a negro.

It was labeled:

"Jap's head after the assault. From a picture by Messrs. Ketchum & Bros."

"Who or what on earth does it resemble!" murmured Don.

“It is like one of those Egyptain mummies in the Boston Museum,” said Orville.

“Oh, it was a good picture of me as I appeared on that memorable morning, only it's a little darker than I am,” said Ben, as he critically regarded the page; and turning to his friends he continued: “Boys, I have learned something. If an American gets into a difficulty it's no use dodging the interviewer and artist. Ask them in, tell them the bottom facts, treat them like gentlemen, and in return they'll do their best for you.”

“That's so!” cried the others. “We second your motion.”

“Ben,” remarked Mortimer, as he rose to take his leave, “I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I ever induced you to drink that punch. I'd give anything if I could recall my act.”

“Don't speak of it, old fellow,” whispered the Japanese, following him to the door, adding, when they reached the entry, out of his chums' hearing, “Don, will you do me a favor?”

“I'll do anything to recompense you for the mortification you have experienced through my act,” answered the generous senior.

“Then promise me never, unless in case of sickness, to offer a friend what may lead him to look as I did in that picture?” gently pleaded Benkei. “I am sure you will do this.”

“I will!” was the quiet reply. “I don't care what the boys may think, I'll do it. You're a brave man, Ben, and have done what few of us would have dared to do—borne mortification like a true hero. God bless you!”

From that day Don Mortimer not only ceased to tempt his friends, but personally renounced wine and similar beverages, he being too proud and noble to expect others to deny themselves what he enjoyed, so, after all, some good came out of Ben's strange desire to have a reminder of his weakness.

The advertising man thought better of summoning the senior, and in a week the entire affair was forgotten.

At Christmas the chums went home and remained until after New Year's Day.

Nellie thought Orville immensely improved, and Rose said Dan was just about perfect, while Benkei's gorgeous costumes were the talk of Coopertown.

On the morning of their departure for Harvard a student brought them a card, and said:

“This gentleman is below; he wants to see you.”

“Who is it?” asked Nellie.

Dan examined the pasteboard and read:

“Mr. Josephus Bangs.”

“Confound him, what does he want?” muttered Orv. “Well, I suppose we can go down?”

On reaching the parlor they found the dwarf, who, instead of exhibiting animosity, advanced in a hearty way, and exclaimed:

“Well, boys, I'm real glad to see you. I've called to say how d'ye do, and tell you I'm going back to Cambridge.”

“Are you?” said Orville, quietly. “You're lucky. I thought they never took back a man who had been expelled from Harvard?”

“Bless you, I've not the slightest intention of returning to the old mill,” chuckled Bangs. “I'm going to run a club.”

“Boat club?” asked Dan.

“No,” was the knowing response. “My little institution will be for the benefit of boys who are fond of circulating the pasteboards. I've secured a nice, quiet place on Oxford Street, not far from Divinity, and shall be happy to see you there. Here's my card; come, and bring your friends.”

“If you intend to keep a gambling establishment, I tell you, once and for all, you'll never see us inside your doors,” said Orville. “I am surprised at your calling upon us, anyhow.”

“Oh, you needn't get your mad up,” coolly answered Bangs. “I thought you fellows had forgotten that little gag I played upon you. I received my punishment like a man, and at least expected civility from you. Perhaps you'll yet change your mind and drop in on me. Good-morning.”

He nodded merrily, and made his exit, leaving the chums more inclined to laugh than be angry.

“He's the cheekiest fellow I ever met,” said Ben, who, up to that time, had remained silent. “His audacity is something almost sublime.”

“I wish he'd keep away from Cambridge,” growled Dan.

“He won't hurt us,” remarked his brother. “If he tries it on, I have made up my mind to report him to the faculty. They will attend to his case and land him in prison. I shall keep my eye upon Mr. Josephus.”

When they rejoined their sisters, Nellie asked what the visitor had wanted.

“Oh, he's going to start a business in Cambridge,” said Orville. “Why do you ask, sis?”

“Because Mr. Bangs has told people here he would be revenged upon you for having him expelled from the college,” she said. “Look out for him, brother; he's a dangerous person.”

“I guess we can take care of ourselves, Nellie,” he said. “If the imp annoys us, we know what to do.”

“I believe it was he who wrote Ben to call on the Prex,” said Dan. “If I could prove it I'd wring his little neck.”

“Brother, what are you saying?” cried Rose. “Surely you do not mean that?”

“I was only speaking metaphorically,” he smilingly replied. “Come, Rose, it is time for us boys to be starting. We shan't see you again until class-day, when you must visit Cambridge for a week's holiday.”

“We are looking forward to that,” she said. “We're going to invade the city in force, and have invited Sophie Lamont to accompany us.”

At the mention of the young lady's name Benkei blushed and said:

“Oh, how is she? I'm sorry I have not had the pleasure of meeting her this time. Will you tell Miss Lamont I inquired particularly after her health?”

“Sophie is quite well, thank you,” teased Nellie. “I'll deliver your message.”

After luncheon the chums started upon their journey, and by six o'clock the next evening were once more settled in their old quarters.

From that time studies were resumed with a vim, and the young men were spoken of very highly by tutors and professors.

One evening the muscular junior, who had witnessed their start for the bicycle race, and the tall, powerful senior who had, on the same occasion, noted Ben's ability, mounted the steps of Matthew's and inquired for the Fillamores and Benkei.

“Second on the right—floor above,” said Don Mortimer, who guessed the purport of the visitors' call. “You'll find them all in one room.”

Up mounted the pair, and upon knocking on the parlor door they were told to enter.

“Ah,” cried the junior, whose name was Stout. “Digging away, eh? This will never do. You must take more exercise.”

Orville and Dan were seated at the table, which was piled up with books; and Benkei was squatted upon the floor, smoking and studying.

“Good-evening, gentlemen,” said Orv, rising and nudging his brother, who, deep in a mathematical problem, had not heard the knock.

“Oh, good-evening,” murmured Dan, arousing himself.

“Welcome to our rooms,” said Ben, springing to his feet and bowing.

“Seat yourselves, gentlemen,” said Dan. “What can we do for you?”

“We've come to enlist you in the good cause,” smilingly replied the tall senior. “My name is Strong; I am interested in the baseball club.”

“And I in the boat club,” remarked Stout.

“Yes,” nodded Orville; “we've heard of you both.”

“I've had my eye on yourself and brother,” continued the junior. “It is not usual for the Captain of the Harvard University Boat Club to solicit any one to join, but I do so, in this instance, and invite you to become members.”

“Thank you,” said Dan. “We would like to. Mr. Benkei can pull a good oar.”

“I want your friend in my club,” put in Strong. “He will do better work with a baseball than on the water. I will see that he is nominated and elected; all I want is to know if he is willing to become one of us?”

Benkei was delighted, and agreed right away, and with the brothers joined both clubs.

“Stout and I have chatted this matter over,” said Strong, speaking like a despotic monarch to his subjects. “We wish you men to work hard in the gymnasium until the snow melts, and thus prepare yourselves for the coming season. I want you, Mr. Benkei, as a dark horse. Good-night.”

The pair nodded, patronizingly, and retired, and when they were well out of hearing, Dan said:

“Dark horse? What in thunder did that fellow mean?”

“Oh,” replied Ben, resuming his squatting position, “he was referring to my chocolate skin. I know I'm dark-colored.”

CHAPTER XX.

ORVILLE TAKES UP HIS CHUM'S CAUSE.

ALTHOUH college athletes are amateurs in point of proficiency, there is not much difference between them and professionals, while many of the men who organize the clubs are fit for very little else. They enter the university with a determination to study classics, mathematics, modern languages, and all the rest of the course, but quickly discover they have more muscle than brain, and after the first term, learn just enough to enable them to finally graduate, devoting every spare moment to rowing, baseball, polo, football, or other athletic sports, for which most of our colleges are justly famous.

Being amateurs, they are annoyed by a swarm of betting men, outsiders who haunt the practicing grounds, spot new hands when training, and reduce the university contests to the level of professional ones. It was on this account Messrs. Strong and Stout had visited the chums, each of whom they intended for what the senior had described as “a dark horse”—*i. e.*, men privately prepared to row an oar, pitch a base-ball or perform some other feat of strength, and who are brought forward on the day of a race or match to defeat gamblers, and thus drive them from attending intercollegiate contests.

When the Spring came and the ice and snow had melted into the sward of college-yard, Stout took Orville and Dan in hand and coached them, and Strong gave many a spare hour to the instruction of Benkei, so gradually the chums began to see less and less of one another.

At first Dan missed his friends' society and felt sorry he was not cut out for an oarsman, but later on, when he practiced with his club, he made lots of acquaintances, and was thrown more into the society of Mr. Ando, who, though not a crack player, was a good catcher and an enthusiastic admirer of the national game.

The prince had always been kind to him and the Fillamores, and they were all excellent chums; still, until Ben began to show his metal as a baseballist, his countryman had never evinced any desire for a very intimate friendship. He had, up to that time, remembered that in Japan he still ranked as a noble, while Benkei was only an ex-bonze.

Orville and Dan noticed the growing intimacy between the Japanese, and felt rather glad of it, being unaware Mr. Ando Takouma-no-Kami was, in spite of his gentleness, somewhat fast and more than fond of card-playing.

Of course Benkei felt proud to be thus honored—that was only human nature—and, little by little, he withdrew from the society of his good chums and associated with Ando and a new set, all of whom lived fast and spent more money than they could well afford.

One evening, after the usual practice in Jarvis Field, at which Ben had done some phenomenal pitching, he and the prince quitted the ground and strolled toward Oxford Street.

“Come, comrade,” said Ando, in Japanese, let us drop in at my club?”

“All right; I'm willing,” replied Ben.

The pair halted at a private door, between two stores, and the prince, producing a pass-key, admitted himself and companion to the house.

“Follow me,” said Ando, leading the way, and they ascended to the first floor, which was divided into two elegantly furnished parlors, provided with numerous card-tables.

“Hello, prince!” exclaimed a well-known voice. “Just in time. The boys are going to have a little flutter!”

The speaker was Josephus Bangs, who eyed Ben slyly, and chuckled as though delighted to see him there.

For a moment Benkei felt like excusing himself and retiring. He hesitated and was lost.

“Why didn't you bring your chums with you?” demanded the dwarf. “I suppose they consider themselves too good to visit a poor man like me.”

Ben murmured something about Orville and Dan being grand fellows and followed his countryman up the next flight of stairs. He wanted to say more about his chums, but there was really no opportunity.

Ando gave a peculiar rap on one of the doors and some one inside removed a bolt and ushered them into a second passage, from whence they passed into a large room, the windows of which were closely curtained.

Benkei glanced round, and by the brilliant light of the crystal chandeliers, saw a number of collegians and young citizens seated around a card-table, busily employed in gambling.

“We're obliged to be mighty cautious on account of the saints,” said Bangs, offering his new visitor a choice cigar. “Do you know anything of the game?”

“No, I have never played,” answered the freshman, adding, mentally, “Nor do I mean to, now.”

“We don't urge any one to join us,” said the proprietor, glancing at Ben's watch-chain. “Is that the ticker Brackett gave you?”

“Yes,” nodded the other; “it is the one the thief stole from me.”

Although he detested Bangs, he could not refrain from answering his questions. Josephus had a frank, off-hand way that he could not resist.

By that time Ando had taken a seat at the board, and the dealer was calling the cards.

“Go and join your chum,” whispered Bangs. “I'm glad you've taken up with the prince. He's a tip-top fellow—miles ahead of those scrubs with whom you used to associate.”

This, naturally, riled the freshman, who angrily demanded:

“What do you mean, sir? Orville and Dan Fillamore are thorough gentlemen!”

“Sss-ch!” cried the players, who had all paused and were regarding the disturber of their game.

“No offense! I apologize,” hurriedly answered Bangs, turning upon his heel.

“Come and sit near me, chum,” said Ando, beckoning to his friend. “I've just begun a run on the red; you must share my luck.”

[To be continued.]

“Three Chums at Harvard College” was commenced in No. 661.

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XLII.

[Continued from page 6.]

TOM HARTNETT laughed gutturally at the threat of Zelia.

“No, you wouldn't!” he replied. “You are not one of the women who kill themselves—you prefer to kill somebody else—me, for instance; but I know the trick of the snake-charmers. They draw out the sting before they play with their reptiles. You'll never kill yourself whilst young Bellingham is alive.”

She glanced covertly in his face, and a new fear pressed icily upon her heart.

“What do you know of Roy Bellingham?” she asked.

“I know who fired that shot that killed his father!”

“It was *you!*” she returned, quickly.

“You are right—and it was the most unlucky shot I ever fired. I know why Onslow Bellingham hired me to kill him.”

“Why?” she questioned, hoarsely.

“Because you had promised to marry him if he put his half-brother out of the way. He *was* put out of the way, and you did marry Onslow Bellingham. He died a drunkard—it's easy enough to understand why. He would never have tried to murder Leroy Bellingham but for you—and now you have been crazy enough to think you could marry the son of the man you murdered. What would Roy Bellingham think of you if I should tell him what I know?”

Zelia shuddered convulsively.

“Oh, no, no!” she cried, and her words were like stifled shrieks. “Anything but that!”

“If you were my wife I should never tell him,” he suggested, significantly. “But if you will not marry me, why——”

“I will—I will!” she interrupted, quickly and fiercely. “I will, if you will swear to me, by all you hold sacred, if you do hold anything sacred, that you will never reveal what you know to any living being, and least of all, to Roy Bellingham?”

“I do swear it!”

“By what?” she cried, impatiently.

“My mother's grave!” he answered, impressively. “Will that content you?”

She knew that he would keep faith with her. Robber as he was, he would not break his plighted word.

“Yes,” she answered. “Since I needs must, let us proceed with the ceremony at once. I little thought that I was summoning my own executioner when I had the priest brought hither. Remember, this marriage is of your own urging. I have been a widow twice, and may be for the third time. I am fatal to those who love me!”

“I'll risk it!” rejoined Hartnett, grimly.

Who could say what thoughts were passing through this woman's mind?

They could only be bitter ones. She was defeated in the scheme which she had so long pursued, and forced to wed this ruffian, who had been such a subservient tool.

The slave was now the master. That must have been a moment of bitter humiliation to Zelia's proud spirit.

“Now, then, all ready?” cried Hartnett. “Fire away, you monkey cuss!”

CHAPTER XLIII.

GARITA SAN COSME.

THE ceremony came to an end.

“Are you really married?” questioned Mary Frank.

Zelia was silent; she looked and moved now like one in a trance; but Hartnett answered for her.

“It's as good a marriage as can be had in the country,” he said; “and I guess it will stand even in the States. Kiss your aunt good-by, miss, for it isn't likely that you will ever see her again; and give my respects to Roy Bellingham when you see him, and tell him what has happened here.”

Zelia shivered at these words, which Hartnett had cunningly said for the express purpose of dissipating any hope she might have entertained of keeping her marriage a secret from Roy.

“Leave me!” she cried. “I am miserable enough without having you to gloat over my shame and degradation!”

“I do not gloat over you,” returned Mary Frank. “If you have found shame and degradation, the fault is all your own. Your own conduct has brought this upon you—you cannot blame any one but yourself.”

Zelia turned moodily away from her, and walked to the other end of the saloon.

“If Roy could be kept in ignorance of this marriage I would not care,” she muttered to herself. “I can speedily put Tomaso out of the way.”

Instinctively her hand rested upon the handle of the dagger which she always carried upon her person.

“Let her alone, miss,” said Hartnett to Mary Frank; “she is not in one of her amiable moods to-night. Your horse is ready, and Ned here will see you safely home. Tell young Bellingham what I have done for you, and let him balance that against the other account.”

“What other account?” inquired Mary Frank.

“No matter; he'll understand. Good-by.”

He extended his hand to Mary Frank and shook it warmly.

“You're a rough old fellow, but I like you,” she cried. “I hope you will treat auntie well.”

“Never you fear for that. We shall get along nicely together. If I am like a grizzly bear, there's a good deal of the catamount in her. Good-by!”

“Good-by, auntie; I'm going!” Mary Frank called out.

Zelia did not pay the slightest attention to her. She knew that the girl most despise her, and she was in no mood to put on any hypocritical semblance of friendship.

Mary Frank and Ned Graghty departed. The priest was well paid by Hartnett and dismissed.

“Estevan, you can take your rancheros,” Hartnett said to the young Mexican, “and can go where you like, but the United States army will be in the city by to-morrow. If you like to come up to Chihuahua and take a hand with me against the Apaches one of these days, I shall be glad to see you.”

“Very good,” answered Estevan. “Permit me to say adieu to the señora?”

“Certainly.”

Estevan approached Zelia.

“I was powerless to prevent this marriage, as you know,” he said, in a guarded tone; “but I may be of service to you in the future?”

“Yes; I shall be a widow within a week,” she returned. “Be where I can communicate with you; your bride may yet be won.”

Their hands met in a significant clasp, and their eyes exchanged meaning glances.

“*Adios!*” he cried, gayly.

“*Adios!*” she responded, graciously.

Estevan opened the door, and his rancheros filed out.

“I wish you a happy honeymoon!” he said to Hartnett, waved his hand, and disappeared.

Hartnett smiled grimly.

“They would hatch mischief together if I gave them half a chance,” he muttered; “but it will be risky business for him if he puts his finger in my pie.”

He turned to Zelia.

“Haven't you got a room here arranged for your private accommodation?” he inquired.

“Yes,” she answered.

“I would like to take a look at it.”

“I will show it to you,” she replied, submissively.

He chuckled as he followed her from the room.

“She's tame enough now,” he muttered to himself. “I wonder how long it will last?”

WHEN Ned Graghty returned he found Tom Hartnett seated at a table in the saloon, which was very liberally spread with dishes containing meats, fruit, bread and cakes and numerous quaintly-shaped flasks of spirits and wine. Nor were pipes and tobacco wanting.

“You have got an illegant spread there, Thomas!” cried Graghty, his eyes glistening as they surveyed the garniture of the table.

“You are right, Ned; this is a little blow-out in honor of the occasion. I thought you would like to celebrate with me. Take a seat.”

Ned Graghty accepted this invitation with alacrity.

“Fall-to!” cried Hartnett, heartily.

“But where's the mistress—the new-made bride—wouldn't she be after celebrating, too?”

“I asked her to, and she begged to be excused.”

“Where is she?”

“In her room.”

Ned Graghty shook his head.

“She may get out and levant!” he said. “Wives have run away from their husbands before now, I suppose you have heard?”

“She can't run away.”

“Oh! can't she? Don't you be too sure of that! Why can't she?”

“Because I have got her locked up—and there's the key!”

He took it from his pocket and placed it on the table as he spoke.

“Well done! Tom, you know what you are about!”

“I reckon! I've not only locked her in, but I have cut her claws.”

He laid Zelia's dagger beside the key upon the table.

“Good on your head, Thomas!” cried Graghty, enthusiastically. “You've got her toothpick; but was she willing to give it up?”

“She appeared to be. I tell you what, she appears to be pretty tame.”

“Don't trust to her appearance, Tom; that's a bad sign. She'll play you some trick if you are not mighty careful.”

“I'll risk her. I've got her, and I mean to keep her.”

Graghty filled a glass.

“Here's hoping you may, Thomas,” he said, as he raised the glass to his lips. Begorra! I'd as soon trust myself with a rattlesnake!”

“Don't you be so uncomplimentary in your remarks, Ned; remember she is Mrs. Hartnett now.”

“I'll drink her health, hoping you'll live long and happily together.”

They touched glasses, drank, and refilled them. They kept repeating this operation until midnight, and then separated, neither being particularly sober.

GENERAL WORTH'S division stormed the Garita San Cosme, captured it, and fought its way into the city.

“Here we are in the Halls of the Montezumas at last!” cried Roy Bellingham to Tom, as they led a party of the rangers in advance.

General Worth checked the advance of his division whilst negotiations were in progress; but Roy and Tom pressed forward with thirty rangers.

All the convicts had been released from the prisons, and these desperate characters swarmed the streets intent on rapine. The rabble joined them. Life and property were thus rendered very insecure.

Estevan Morales took advantage of this state of anarchy to make a last effort to secure Mary Frank.

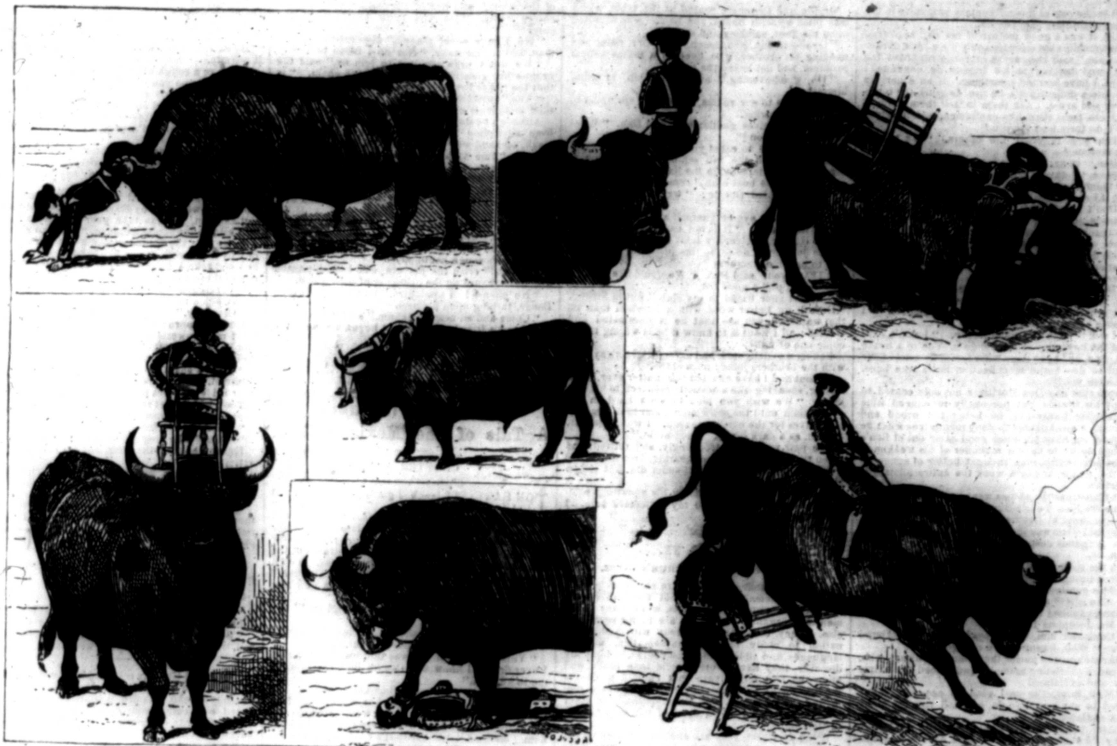
He surrounded the house with his band of rancheros. Leaving the greater part of his men without, he dismounted and entered the house with three of his trustiest followers.

It was Estevan's design not only to abduct Mary Frank, but Feliciana and Milly Meade. He had promised these to his lieutenants as an inducement to them to aid him in securing Mary Frank.

The four ladies were in the principal apartment when a servant gave the alarm.

“Robbers!” he cried, and fled precipitately.

Before they could comprehend his meaning, Estevan and his three rancheros burst in upon them.



A PERFORMING BULL.—WONDERFUL EXHIBITION OF THE PERFORMING BULL "LIGERO" AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM, LONDON.

"Never mind the old woman!" exclaimed Estevan, grasping Mary Frank in his arms.

Feliciana and Milly were secured in the same manner. Donna Eusebia shrieked and swooned.

The three girls were borne into the garden. Feliciana and Milly screamed wildly, but were too frightened to offer any resistance; but Mary Frank struggled violently with Estevan, and with such force that he was obliged to call one of his men to his aid, and all the time she cried out:

"Put me down, you villains! put me down! Oh, if Roy was only here!"

And Roy was there.

At that critical moment he reached the garden with his rangers. One volley sent the rancheros scampering down the street.

With sword and pistol in hand, Roy and Toss dashed through the garden gate.

Estevan and his men were caught in a trap. They released the girls and stood on their defense. They had heard the loud shout of the Texan Volunteers before, and knew its meaning well.

It was their death-knell now.

Two pistol shots, a ringing clash of steel, and all was over. Estevan and his three followers lay dead in the garden.

Mary Frank sprang joyfully to her lover's arms.

"Oh, my dear Roy! have I found you at last?" she cried.

And his face expressed as much pleasure at the meeting as her own.

"Milly! by the great Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Toss, as he recognized his sister. "And a black-eyed girl!"

"It is Feliciana Santmanet," said Roy.

"Lord! how I wished she had jumped for me as Mary Frank did for you!" murmured Toss.

Roy shook hands with Feliciana and then introduced Toss, saying:

"My friend and comrade, Lieutenant Meade."

Toss made her his most elaborate bow, and said:

"Proud to make your acquaintance, señorita. I have heard of you very often from my friend Roy here." Then he whispered to Roy, in confidence: "She's as pretty as a picture!"

"Oho! are you there?" cried Roy, slyly.

"No, I'm here," responded Toss, sedately.

"But what ruffians were these? Good heavens! Toss, why, this is Estevan."

"Yes, Captain Estevan," said Mary Frank. "Is he dead?"

"Dead as a door-nail!" replied Toss.

"Poor fellow! I am rather sorry for him," said Roy.

"So am I," rejoined Toss. "He was a tolerably good fellow in the main, but you see, he carried his pitcher to the well once too often."

"Is Zelia here?" cried Roy, quickly.

"No, Roy; this may have been her doing, but she is not here. Come into the house; I have something surprising to tell you about her."

Leaving their rangers in the garden, Roy and Toss accompanied the girls into the house.

Their first attention was directed to Donna Eusebia, who was revived and assured that all peril was over. She was greatly delighted to see Señor Bellingham again.

When Mary Frank related to Roy Zelia's singular marriage, he was much amazed.

"Oh! but I cannot leave her in the power of this ruffian!" he cried. "Could you guide us to the house?"

"Yes, easily," replied Mary Frank.

"She must be saved! Toss, we had better go at once—time is precious."

"All right! We are in the saving line to-day, and here's another go for the pitcher!"

(To be continued.)

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 451.

A PERFORMING BULL.

An astonishing series of exhibitions has lately been given in the Westminster Aquarium, London, by a Spaniard called Señor Ortego and a performing bull, owned and educated by him, and answering to the name of Ligero. The bull goes through feats which, while astonishing, are also wholesomely instructive and suggestive, as, indeed, are all performances which elevate our ideas of the intelligence and teachability of poor dumb brutes who are completely at our mercy. The señor, his master, illustrates his confidence in the animal's kindliness, ability, love, and obedience by a series of the most astonishing performances. He plays the part of an enraged victim in the representation of a Spanish bullfight in a way which, if it falls short of the savage reality which the highest type of histrionic ability on two legs might well fail to attain, is, nevertheless, remarkably clever. He leaps with the ease of a trained hunter. With one hoof on his master's chest and the point of his horn in the señor's mouth, he displays a carefulness lest he should hurt him that is full of tenderness, and altogether the exhibition is one of the most novel and interesting ever witnessed.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MIFFINS SEES DOCTOR WADDLE FOR THE SECOND TIME.

THE doctor was walking up and down his garden. A frown disfigured his learned face.

Bob Fairfit and the Diddler had not returned.

He began to feel anxious about the things he had intrusted in their care.

"I'll never send them on such an errand again," he muttered, as he waved his cane, inflicting personal chastisement upon an invisible boy.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a carriage coming up the drive.

But a long pair of legs, terminating in huge boots, were dangling from the window.

"Very extraordinary," cried the doctor.

He glanced up at the box-seat as the carriage came close.

The Diddler looked down from his elevated position, and smiled pleasantly upon his schoolmaster, saying:

"Hope you're well, sir?"

"What are you doing there?" cried the doctor, glancing at the Diddler's new hat.

He was greatly surprised at his pupil's altered appearance.

"Been having a ride, sir," said the Diddler, in answer to the doctor's question. "Very enjoyable, 'pon honor; nice ride, nice friends, nice new hat, and so on."

And giving the reins into the hands of the coachman, he alighted.

"Where did you get those clothes?" asked the bewildered doctor.

"Hush," cried the Diddler; "don't ask before company. Mr. Parrot—inside coach—come to see you—nice man, Mr. Parrot—loves me much."

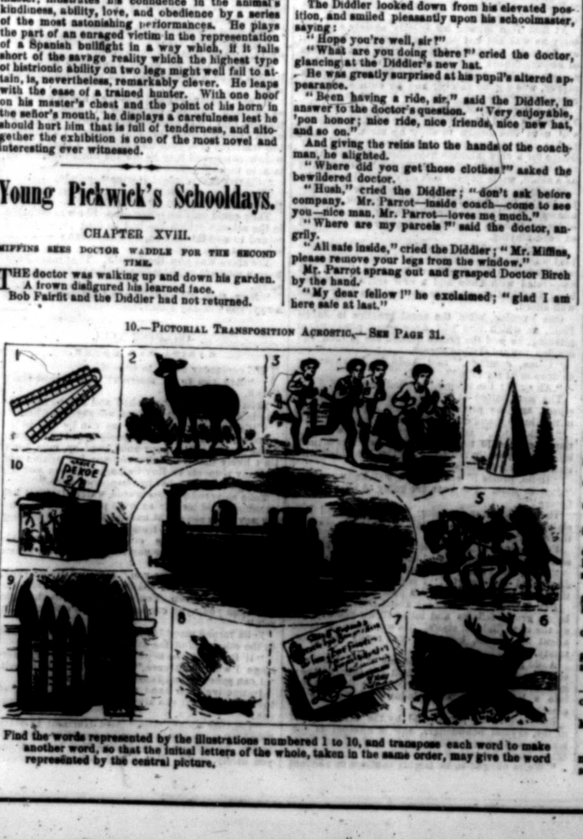
"Where are my parcels?" said the doctor, angrily.

"All safe inside," cried the Diddler; "Mr. Miffins, please remove your legs from the window."

Mr. Parrot sprang out and grasped Doctor Birch by the hand.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaimed; "glad I am here safe at last."

10.—PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION ACROSTIC.—SEE PAGE 31.



Find the words represented by the illustrations numbered 1 to 10, and transpose each word to make another word, so that the initial letters of the whole, taken in the same order, may give the word represented by the central picture.

"Very happy to see you," said the doctor, looking over Mr. Parrot's shoulder with a puzzled expression. "Who is your friend?"

"A strange creature," said Mr. Parrot, in a hurried whisper. "I picked him up at my solicitors', Slap & Banger, you know. He is rather a rough diamond, but immensely rich."

"Indeed," said the doctor, looking very hard at Miffins. "I think I have seen this gentleman's face before."

"So you have," said Miffins, flourishing his long gloves as he made the doctor a bow. "I took the liberty o' looking over your wall, and you objected to it, if I remember rightly."

The doctor frowned.

But Mr. Miffins was immensely rich, according to Mr. Parrot. And money covered a multitude of sins in the doctor's eyes.

He was soon recounting his adventure with Miffins for Mr. Parrot's edification, and making well-bred jests at his own expense.

"It was all along o' them boys," said Miffins.

"Not a doubt of it," returned the doctor; "you shall point out the ringleaders."

"Oh, I'll p'int them out fast enough, and if you'll only lend me your cane, I'll mark them, I can tell you," said Miffins.

Thus, conversing with the visitors, the doctor led the way to his grounds.

Here were assembled a few favorite pupils.

Pickwick was amongst them. He started back in surprise on seeing the Diddler.

That youth's altered appearance astonished him quite as much as it had the doctor.

"Why, you've got a new hat," cried young Pickwick.

"Time he had," observed Bully Mungal; "he was a disgrace to the school before."

"*Your* clothes don't seem to make a gentleman of *you*," cried young Pickwick. "Can't you keep a civil tongue in your head?"

"I am not going to be civil to that beggarly Diddler," retorted Mungal. "Why should I? He is always doing something to put me out of temper; I hate him!"

"Don't come it too strong," cried the Diddler; "won't do—you'll live to regret it."

"Pray, don't quarrel," said Mossy Morton.

He wished Dick and young Pickwick to look upon him as a peacemaker.

"I shall do what I choose," returned Bully Mungal, "with such a thing as that."

He went up to the Diddler with an evil look in his eyes.

"Not so near—mind my new togs," cried that eccentric youth. "What are you up to, stupid?"

"I am going to pull your nose," said Bully Mungal, "for your impudence to me."

"Thankee, you are very kind," retorted the Diddler; "but I should prefer to pull yours—do it in half a jiffy—this is the right shop—customers served in the shortest notice—no mistake."

"Don't take any notice of him, Bully, there's a good fellow," said Mossy. "Let him go about his business. Don't hurt him."

"If he likes to beg my pardon I may let him off," observed Mungal.

"You had better not get in a row with Bully Mungal," whispered young Pickwick. "He hits hard and fights well."

"Much obliged," said the Diddler. "Good advice—very—but I shan't stand his cheek; had enough of it—don't like him—never did from the first."

"You decline to offer an apology?" cried Bully Mungal, white with passion.

The Diddler laughingly answered:

"Apologize to you, Bully? Really, you ask too much. Take it out of me if you can; quite at your service, dear boy; there!"

"Very well," cried Bully Mungal, "then I punish you for your cheek."

And regardless of the presence of the doctor, who was standing with his back turned to the boys, conversing with his guests, he rushed upon the Diddler.

That active youth was on the look-out.

He jumped aside, and as Bully Mungal, unable to check himself, dashed by, the Diddler took possession of his nose.

"Oh!" cried Bully, in a muffled voice; "let go my nose, you beast; let go."

"Not for Joe," said the Diddler; "I intend to hold on."

"Bravo, Diddler," cried young Pickwick, while Bob Fairfit's loud laughter could be heard all over the grounds as he shouted:

"Hold on, Diddler; hold on, good dog!"

"Oh, those boys," cried the distracted doctor, rushing up to them. "They will drive me mad."

He was closely followed by Miffins and Mr. Parrot.

The unabashed Diddler still retained his hold of Bully Mungal's nose.

"This is an assault," cried the doctor. "Diddler, release Mungal instantly."

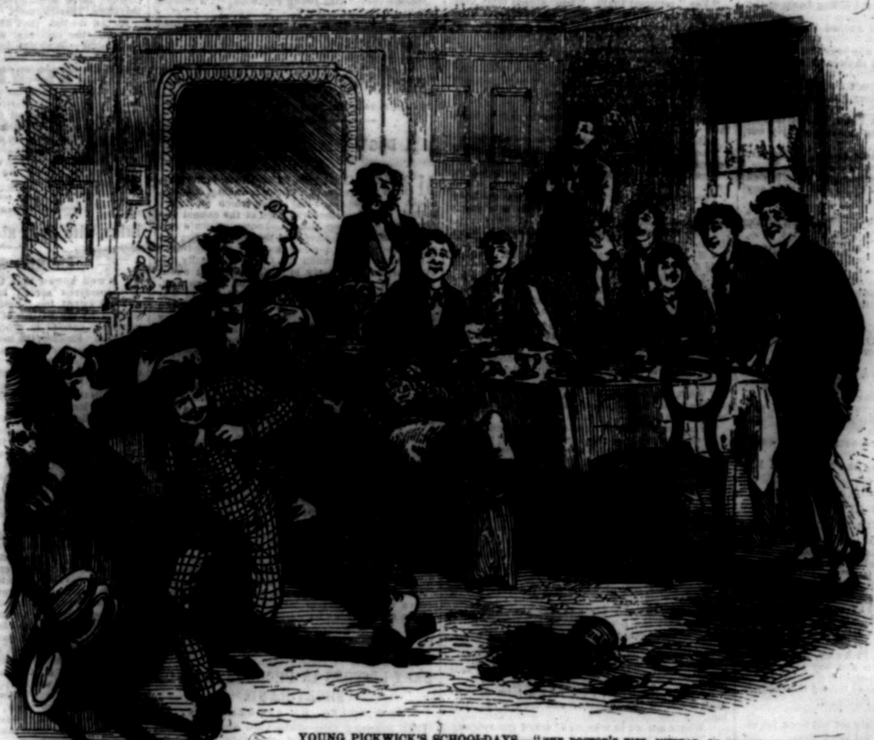
"No, sir, unless he asks my pardon," cried the Diddler; "called me a beggar—too bad—'pon honor."

"Let go his nose, I tell you," cried the angry doctor, and he smote the Diddler on the back with his cane.

"He sha'n't call me a beggar, anyhow," said Diddler, giving Mungal's nose a tighter squeeze.

"What's to be done?" cried the doctor.

The boy held on to Mungal's nose like a leech.



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"THE DOCTOR'S FIST, INSTEAD OF COMING IN CONTACT WITH HIS PUPIL'S HEAD, DASHED AGAINST A LARGE TEA-URN, WHICH WAS STANDING ON A SIDEBOARD, AND OVERTURNED IT."

"I'll soon settle the difficulty," cried Miffins.

He flung his long arms round the Diddler's waist, bidding the doctor do the same by Bully Mungal.

"Oh, oh, oh, my nose! he's pulling it off!" yelled Bully Mungal, as Miffins and the doctor dragged the two boys apart.

"I'll eat my wig if it isn't a school for wild cats," cried Mr. Parrot. "Oh, these boys, these boys."

"Must you always disgrace me before company?" hissed the doctor, giving the Diddler a cut with the cane.

Young Pickwick walked straight up to the doctor, touching his hat.

"Sir," he began.

"Well?" said the doctor.

"Please let the Diddler off for this once. Bully Mungal did all he could to aggravate him, and Diddler's worth a dozen Mungals, sir."

The doctor looked undecided.

But at that moment a large turnip came thwack against Miffins's head.

"If I'm a-going to be bothered by them there boys, I shall take my hook before I have my head knocked off," said Miffins, who, now that he was a wealthy man, thought that nobody could do without his pleasant society.

The doctor, who really did not wish to lose his new acquaintance, instantly forgot the Diddler's transgressions, and hoped Miffins would think nothing more of the turnip.

Peace was restored.

The Diddler, however, could not so easily forget the public insult he had received.

"I say, Diddler, what's that?" said Bob Fairfit, pointing to something that was dangling from the back pocket of Parrot's coat.

"Parrot's second wig—lovely object," cried the Diddler, with a chuckle; "it must be mine."

He hastily secured it.

"What's the lark, boys?" said young Pickwick.

The Diddler drew him aside and whispered in his ear.

Young Pickwick and the Diddler soon after invaded the cook's territory, and gave a few finishing touches to the banquet she had made ready, when her back was turned.

They had barely time to rejoin the doctor and his guests, before dinner was announced.

"Don't you touch the raised pie," whispered young Pickwick to Dick Fairfit, "*I* have had a finger in it, and it won't agree with you."

On this occasion there were no ladies present.

The doctor seated himself in his usual place, at the head of the table, and began to ladle out the soup.

The boys were not to partake of this luxury.

A plate of soup was given to Miffins, who was seated at the doctor's right hand.

"Yar, I doesn't admire your soup," observed Miffins, "but I suppose it's good manners to put up with what's given yer."

The doctor lifted his eyebrows, as Miffins made this remark, and Mr. Parrot drank a glass of wine.

Miffins began to eat some more soup.

He did not like the flavor, but he gulped it down, saying:

"Yar, it's bad stuff, and I shan't have any more of it."

Suddenly the doctor uttered a cry of horror, as he caught sight of a dark object floating in the bottom of the soup-tureen.

"Good heavens! what is this?" he cried.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit. "Hold me up, somebody."

"It's my wig, by all that's horrible!" gasped Mr. Parrot, as the doctor held it up to the light.

"Your wig still adorns your head, Mr. Parrot," young Pickwick observed.

"Yes, but I always carry another about with me in case of accidents," said Mr. Parrot. "How came that one here? It is my best wig. How did it get in the soup?"

Those who could have answered this question were mute.

The doctor drew a long breath and a long hair from his mouth.

He was in a violent passion; but this was not the time to show it.

He ordered the soup to be removed.

Mrs. Hardtopp came in with a huge dish of salmon in her hand, hoping that it would turn out better than the soup.

Having placed it before the doctor, she retired under the admiring gaze of Miffins.

"Fine woman; make me a good wife," observed Miffins, turning to Fitzsham, who happened to be sitting next to him.

Fitzsham elevated his aristocratic nose.

"I am glad you think so, sir," he said, with cold politeness. "Not my taste, may be yours."

"Will you take some salmon, Mr. Miffins," said the doctor.

"I don't mind, if there's no wig inside of it," returned Miffins.

The doctor was bending over the dish with the fish slice in his hand, when there was a loud explosion.

Bang, bang!

He fell back as if shot.

"Oh, Lor'! somebody is firing off pistols now. Murder!" yelled Miffins, as a number of crackers, which had been artfully inserted under the fishstrainer, went off in quick succession.

He took refuge under the table.

"Come out," said the doctor, when order was restored. "It's all over."

"Is it all over?" asked Miffins, faintly.

"All serene," said the Diddler. "Not killed this time."

Mr. Miffins slowly went back to his seat.

"I shall investigate this matter to-morrow," said the doctor, with a frowning glance at his pupils. "It is a most disgraceful affair."

"Disgraceful affair, indeed," cried Mr. Parrot. "I'll eat my wig——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" said young Pickwick; "he's anxious to eat his wig every five minutes. Oh, fetch back the hair soup for him!"

"What is the meaning of this vulgar merriment?" cried the doctor.

"Oh, I can't help it!" exclaimed our hero, rolling about in his chair. "Why didn't he eat his wig when he had the chance?"

"That boy wants a flick across the head," cried Miffins, rising from the table; "and I'll give it him!"

He overturned a water-bottle as he stretched out his long arm and struck Bob Fairfit.

"Well, things are coming to a pretty pass," said young Pickwick, in an undertone. "I wonder he doesn't give the rest something to remember him by, while he is about it; but if he hits me again I'll give him a dose of gravy out of my squirt I've got here."

"I say, Pickles, if Tinkle comes," said Dicky, "won't there be a scene, when Miffins gets hold of him."

Young Pickwick nodded, and said:

"What a lark!"

He was watching the page, who was opening a bottle of champagne.

There was another loud explosion, and the dismal page dropped the bottle, as a brilliant firework shot across the room and alighted on Miffins's nose.

"You young rascal, what did you do that for?" cried the angry doctor.

"I didn't do nothing," said the dismal page, shedding tears. "Somebody has been tampering with the cork."

"I am afraid to touch anything on this table," said the doctor, looking doubtfully at a raised pie, which had been placed before him. "I wonder if it's all right?"

After some hesitation he assisted his guests to the delicacy.

They began to eat eagerly enough, but speedily put down their knives and forks.

Miffins alone went on with his dinner.

"A French dish, I s'pose," he muttered; "I never did like anything foreign. I don't know what it's made of, but it's not nice. Yar, I don't like it."

"Oh, goodness, bring me some whisky!" cried the doctor, putting his hand on his stomach and turning very pale.

"Ah, this is awful. I'll eat my wig if this pie isn't partly composed of black beetles. Look here, I've got a mouthful of them," cried Mr. Parrot.

"What's this?" cried Miffins, leaping to his feet, and dropping a huge cockroach out of his mouth.

"My good friend, what are you going to do?" cried the doctor, as Miffins struggled out of his coat and flung it on the floor.

"I am going to clear the room of them boys," cried Miffins, tucking up his shirt-sleeves in a professional manner, and displaying a pair of fleshless but muscular arms. "I'm not going to have my belly full of black beetles for nothing."

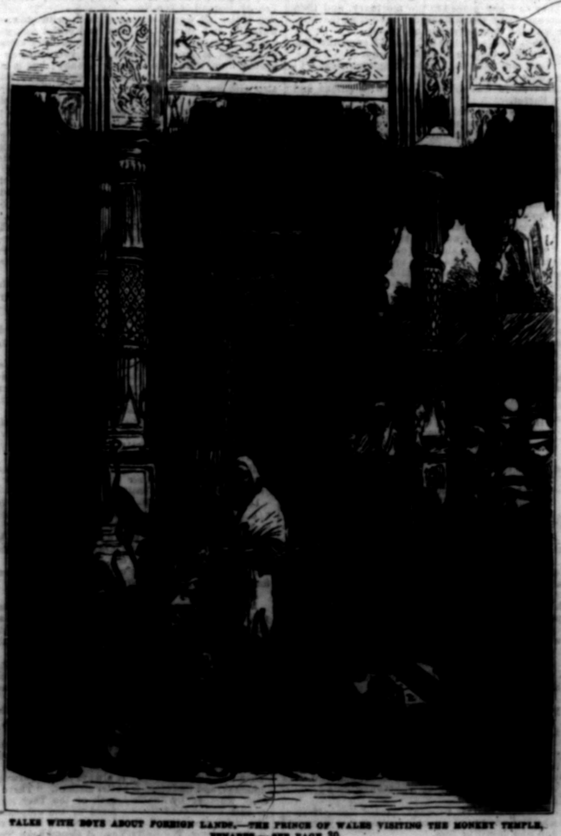
The boys quickly rushed out of the room with the exception of Fitzsham.

He was just following them, when he was attacked by Miffins.

"You lazy rascal," cried Miffins. "I s'pose you thinks you ought to have half an hour for yawning and picking your teeth while the beetles are crawling about my stomach. There, now, do you like that?"

And the dignified member of the aristocratic Fitzsham family was roughly flung down the passage.

"Now, let's try and be comfortable," said



TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITING THE MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.—SEE PAGE 30.

Miffins, putting on his coat and sitting down at the table.

He smiled as the doctor helped him to some whisky.

Suddenly a hissing sound was heard in the direction of the keyhole, and a shower of sparks fell upon the carpet.

"I'll eat my wig if that isn't a squib," said Mr. Parrot. "Look at it coming through the keyhole!"

"Say something we don't know," cried Miffins. "You go and eat your wig while we enjoy our whisky."

"Don't presume to dictate to me," cried Mr. Parrot.

"I shall do as I think proper, old cove," cried Miffins; "and if you ain't civil you shan't have any whisky."

"Let's be all friends and forget the boys. It's only their fun," said the doctor, dropping a manly tear into his whisky. "We were all boys once, Miffins."

"More's the pity; I hate boys," said Parrot, who was not pleasant in his cups.

The doctor and his guests would have sat up all night, drinking, wrangling and exchanging vows of eternal friendship, had not Mrs. Hardtopp bounced into the room.

"Mrs. Waddle wants to see you immediately, sir," she said, with an angry glance at the doctor.

"I am coming, my good creature," said the doctor, blandly.

"Very well, sir," said the cook, tossing her head, and making for the door; "but I think it time those gentleman were at home."

"I always was a ladies' man," cried Miffins, putting his arm round Mrs. Hardtopp's neck, "and I'll get you to take me home."

This was more than the respectable female could bear.

Without a word of warning she turned upon Miffins and knocked him down.

CHAPTER XIX.

DANIEL WELLDONE.

"I HOPE they don't intend to make a long visit," cried young Pickwick, the next morning. "I won't submit to be knocked about by Miffins."

"We'll make it warm for him," cried the Diddler. "It will be rather a lark—'pon honor."

"I don't know so much about that," said young Pickwick. "Do you know I have had a letter from home?"

"Wasn't aware of it," said the Diddler. "Any remittance, eh?"

"Well, yes," said young Pickwick, "and I want you to go down to the town and buy some grub. We mean to have a spree to-night."

"I'm off—give me the money," cried the Diddler.

"Here it is," said young Pickwick.

"I'm off."

And the Diddler immediately set out upon his errand, and soon reached the old toll-house.

"How are you, Belcher?" he said. "You look tip-top—and no mistake. Beauty spots, I see, on your noble brow."

"I'm none the better for that there boot yer chucked at me yesterday," retorted Belcher.

"This will do you good," said Diddler, handing him a shilling. "Best cure for low spirits in the world; take it, with my blessing, dear boy."

Mr. Belcher pocketed the shilling, and the Diddler was about to pass.

"No, you don't."

"Why not?" asked the Diddler. "Isn't the shilling enough?"

"The shilling is all right, and I mean to stick to it," said Mr. Belcher. "But you ain't a-going into the town again without permission."

"You are a nice old shark, and no mistake," cried the Diddler. "Now, come, let me pass, and I'll bring you something nice from the town."

"You don't go through," observed Belcher.

The Diddler, finding it useless to argue with him, turned back to tell his schoolfellows.

Young Pickwick and Dick Sancliff were much annoyed.

"Won't let us go into the town again?" said Dick. "Then all hopes of a feed to-night must be abandoned."

"Don't give way to despair," said young Pickwick, "we shall manage it; we'll trick the old shark."

"How?" said Dick.

"Daniel Welldone's the chap," answered young Pickwick.

"Who is D. W., when he is at home?" cried Diddler.

"I don't know much about his private history," said young Pickwick. "He used to be a hanger-on at the 'Three Legged Farmer.' I only met him yesterday. He seemed rather seedy, and I promised to let him have a little of the needful."

"Can you trust the gentle stranger Welldone?" asked the Diddler.

"Oh, he is right enough," said Pickwick.

"If it is to be done, it were well done quickly," cried the Diddler. "Where does he hang out?"

"For the present, he takes up his quarters in the stone quarry," said young Pickwick.

"Shall we give him a morning call?" said Dick.

"Fine idea—very," said the Diddler. "Boys, quick—march!"

The quarry was about a mile away.

The Diddler, young Pickwick and Dick Sancliff soon covered the ground.

They began to descend by a winding path.

A queer-looking youth came to meet them.

And thus it was the boys made the acquaintance of Daniel Welldone, and robbed Belcher's revenge of half its sweetness.

They could still communicate with the town.

The discreet old buffer was considerably annoyed, when they parted with Welldone just outside his door.

"The doctor shall hear of this," he said.

"Hear, hear!" cried young Pickwick. "Good old Belcher, nice old Belcher; we can do without you now. Ha, ha!"

Mr. Belcher angrily flung open his half-door, saying:

"I'll thrash you all," and the boys ran off, filling the air with their laughter.

CHAPTER XX.

AN AWFUL DISCOVERY.

IT was a dull, heavy afternoon. But it being a half-holiday, young Pickwick and his friend Dick determined to risk wet jackets and take a walk.

"It is strange," observed young Pickwick, who had come out on purpose to have a quiet talk with Dick, "that, notwithstanding the reward offered by the doctor, we should have heard no news of Benny Leadbitter."

"Yes," returned Dick. "I sometimes think that Tom Ely knows more about his disappearance than he would care to tell."

"That seems to be the common impression."

"I never liked that fellow."

"Nor I."

"He is generally avoided."

"Not by all. Bully Mungal is very thick with him."

They passed through a gate and entered a wood, which was close to the churchyard.

Leaving the beaten track, they began to force their way through the underwood.

Suddenly young Pickwick gave a cry of horror.

"Look here! look here! We have found Benny," he said; "but he is dead."

Dick followed the direction of young Pickwick's eyes.

There, half-buried in the rank grass, was the body of poor little Benny Leadbitter, with a frightful gash across the temple.

Young Pickwick bent down and put his hand upon the body.

"What's the use?" said Dick Sancliff. "Poor little fellow; he is dead, dead!"

"Yes, he is dead," said young Pickwick. "Poor little Benny; we all loved him."

And he turned away his head, unable to repress his tears.

"Who could have done such a cruel deed?" said Dick. "It's my fault; I ought not to have left him that dreadful night."

"Don't talk nonsense, Dick," said young Pickwick. "It is no fault of yours; you would have protected him if you had been near."

"What is to be done?"

"We must tell the people that we have found his body," said young Pickwick.

"That ought to be done at once," returned Dick. "I feel very sad at heart over his death."

"I'll stay here while you go," said young Pickwick, looking down at the small, white face of Benny. "I don't like to leave him."

"You are not afraid?" said Dick.

"Afraid!" said young Pickwick. "What have I to fear? I never did the poor little fellow any harm."

"Then I'm off, old boy," said Dick; "I will soon return."

To the excited imagination of young Pickwick, hours seemed to pass before he reappeared.

He was followed by several stupid-looking men, in thick boots, one of whom was the village constable.

They had brought a rough stretcher, and were about to lift the body of Benny Leadbitter, handling it as they would have done some torpid snake, which they expected to bite them at each moment.

"Leave him alone," cried young Pickwick, pushing them aside. "Dick and I will attend to the dear little fellow."

He and Dick tenderly placed the form of their dead friend on the stretcher and drew a rug over him.

"Where are we to take un?" asked one rustic.

"Why, to the dead house, in course," said the constable.

Dick was about to make some indignant remark when young Pickwick checked him.

"The doctor won't have him taken home," he whispered. "The man is talking sense, if it does sound brutal."

Young Pickwick and Dick walked beside the body of their friend, as he was carried out of the wood and across the quiet churchyard.

They saw him placed in the mortuary, and then hastened away with all speed to acquaint the doctor with the discovery they had made.

"Why, what's the matter, boys?" cried the Diddler, meeting them in the playground.

"Dick will tell you," said young Pickwick. "I am going to see the doctor."

Dr. Waddle was drinking wine with Miffins and Mr. Parrot.

"What is the meaning of this conduct?" he said, starting up, as young Pickwick dashed into the room; "how dare you enter my presence with such scant ceremony?"

He clutched young Pickwick by the collar, when he happened to glance at the boy's blanched face.

"Why, what's the matter with the boy?" he cried. "Here, take a glass of wine."

"Thank you, sir," said young Pickwick, swallowing the wine.

He briefly explained what had happened.

The doctor was much agitated.

"How shall I be able to look Mr. Leadbitter in the face when he comes for his son," he cried; "was there ever such an unfortunate man as myself? Where is Ely?"

"I believe Tom Ely knows more about it than he would care to tell," observed young Pickwick.

"Stuff and nonsense," cried the doctor; "you had better be careful, Pickwick. You must not make such an accusation against any one."

"I am only telling you what I think, sir."

"Then you had no business to think anything of the kind. Does it follow because you dislike a boy that he is a murderer?"

"We all dislike Tom Ely and liked little Benny."

"I'm sorry to hear you all dislike Ely."

"He was very unkind to Benny."

"Silence!" said the doctor.

Young Pickwick was silent, but not convinced.

He bowed himself out of the room, and went in search of Dick Sancliff.

Together they sought out Tom Ely.

"We have found Benny," said young Pickwick.

"Found him where?" said Tom Ely.

"He has been cruelly murdered," cried young Pickwick.

"Murdered! Benny murdered, did you say?" exclaimed Tom Ely, growing very pale.

"Yes," said young Pickwick, "and you were out later than any of us on the night of his disappearance."

"It's false. Dick Sancliff was the one who saw him last," said Tom Ely, looking each moment more pale.

"Was he? Well, we know you did not treat him well."

"What are you driving at?" queried Tom Ely.

"Never mind," said young Pickwick.

"But I do mind," cried Tom Ely. "I want to know, and will know."

"People don't always get what they want," said young Pickwick.

"I'll give you a crack on the head," cried Tom Ely, "if you don't tell me what you mean."

"No doubt you will," sneered young Pickwick, "if you get the chance; but you had better not try it on with me. I can fight, perhaps, as well as you, and I say again, Benny's dead, and you were with him on that stormy night when he was murdered."

"Who can refute a sneer?" quoted Mossy Morton, who had overheard the conversation. "Pickwick, don't be unjust to Tom."

"Look here," said young Pickwick, "I'll trouble you to hold your tongue."

"No trouble at all, my dear fellow," returned Mossy Morton; "I'm dumb."

"You can't quarrel with Mossy," cried Dick; "he never quarrels."

"Proves what a sneak he is," muttered young Pickwick, turning away. "I don't like either of them."

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. [illegible]

A DOG'S DEADLY FIGHT WITH A WOLF.

M'DOWELL COX, who lives about four miles from Lafayette, in Wabash township, Indiana, about two weeks ago lost a dog which he highly prized. The last that was seen of the animal was when he scared up some unknown creature and darted out of sight after it in the bushes. The disappearance of the dog remained unexplained until a day or two ago, when Mr. Cox accidentally discovered his dead body in the woods, and about thirty feet distant the dead body of a large wolf. The ground around where the wolf lay dead was covered with hair torn from his woolly coat, and bore evidence of a desperate struggle. Evidently the dog, after a long struggle, had killed the wolf, then walked off a distance of thirty feet or so, and lay down to die, for his body was found lying by the side of a fallen tree on a bed of leaves which had evidently not been disturbed. The wolf stood about twenty-two inches in height when on his feet, and was more than twice as large as the brave dog who finally conquered him. This is the first wolf killed anywhere near Lafayette in many years.

AN HEROIC YOUTH.

A COAL shaft is being sunk just north of Hollis, Ill., and the other day a workman by the name of Harland lighted a slow match leading to the blast, and then signaled to be drawn up. The depth of the shaft was seventy feet. When he had been raised fourteen feet he struck the bottom of a board partition and was thrown back to the bottom. Thomas Crandall, a stepson of Harland, was a witness to the accident, and promptly slid down the rope seventy feet, and tore the match from the fuse in time to prevent an explosion. The act was a brave one, scarcely to be paralleled. The boy's hands were terribly lacerated by the friction of the rope. The stepfather was rescued with a broken rib and other severe bruises.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

NEW RULES, OR SUGGESTIONS.

THE following suggestions have occurred to us during our practice of late years, and are recommended for trial by our students and reporters. Position according to accented syllable:

1. Make *all* half-lengths of word-signs express it, and in the same position as the full lengths; as, Blet^1 for *believe it*; Diet^1, *deliver it*.

2. Write words ending in *er* same as the primitive, with the addition of downward R; as *pardoner*, Per-Den-Ar, instead of Per-Dee-Ner; *Dinner*, Den-Ar, instead of Dee-Ner; *Tinner*, *Tenor*, Ten-Ar, instead of Tee-Ner.

3. Make all words ending with R, with downward R; and all words with a final vowel following the R, with upward R; but R before J is always Ray. This is an established rule, yet often departed from with perplexing frequency; but it is suggested as a standing and *unexceptional* rule. So also with Ret and Ard, down or up, as followed or not by a vowel. So also with Lay and El, Let and Eld. As *disposal*, Dees-Pees-El; *retail*, Ret-El; down-hearted, Den-Art; retained, Ret-End; ordained, Ard-End, and numerous others. This rule thus provides a distinction between words ending in *er*, *ry*, *el*, and *ly*, which, in many cases, according to the standard dictionary, are written alike.

4. Retain the Pitman Ler sign for *lr*, instead of Lay-Ar, which is longer, especially in compound words, as *Chandler*, Chent-Ler, instead of Chay-End, Lay-Ar.

5. Write all words ending in *tionist* with the Steh loop inside the shon hook; as *abolitionist*, Bee-Layshonst; *protectionist*, Pret-Kayshonst; *prohibitionist*, Per-Beeshonst; and as in *revolutionist*, *resurrectionist*, *secessionist*, *rationalist*.

6. In advanced writing, *ing* may be omitted both in nouns and participles, increasing the opportunity for phrasing; as in *seeing*, *doing*; loving us, Lay-Vees; doing his, Dees; doing it, Det.

7. Write half the "I" sign in all phrases and compound words; *my idea*, *eye-sight*, *thine eyes*, *eyelid*, *eyelet*.

8. If in writing word-signs or phrases, the single sign or second word of the phrase is out of position, throw it into position by striking a line either above, through, or below such sign, for first, second or third position, as the case may be.

9. Simplify the pronunciation of the syllable *oid*, signifying *like*, by, ly substituting *ty*; as petty, betty, tetty, detty, chetty, jetty, ketty, petty, pretty, etc., instead of pet-oid, bed-oid, etc.

10. Write *Ther* joined, and *of* understood, instead of double length Veether^1, to express *of their*; except when *of* is emphasized.

11. Write *Retty* for *on*, before p, b, t, d, ch, j, b, v, n, ng, s, z, sh, zh, el, th, *th*, and y; *Chetty* before k, g, Lay, Ar, Ray, w, and m.

12. Write *Retty* for *I*, above the line, before p, b, t, d, ch, j, k, g, s, and th; *Chetty* before Ar, and Ray; *Petty* before m, and mp.

13. *He*, *should*, and *the* on the line, by *Retty* before p, b, t, d, ch, j; *Chetty* before k, g, m.

14. *How* same as 13, below the line.

15. When *new* and *now* commence a phrase, write them below the line without the tick; as *nowadays*, En-Dees; *knew-there-were*, Enther-weh.

16. Write the sounds of *ar* and *er* after m without the Ray; as in *March*, *merchant*.

17. Write "society" by S through the preceding word in all possible cases; in a few other instances, join the S, as in "good society," "modern society," etc.

18. "I should" may be joined to the rest of the verb, before Ray or Lay, by Retty-Chetty. As, I should rather, I should like.

19. Emphasis and grammar usually suggest and should determinate, whether you write "therefore" with a double-length and an Ef hook, or with a *Ther* tick with the hook. It always comes between commas, and therefore is better distinct. "There," also, whether by double-length or the Ther sign, is best determined by the force of the emphasis. As, "do, therefore," Dee-Jetty instead Deetherf; it should *have*, Tee-Retty-Vee; it *should* have, Tee-Chetty; there is, *therefore*, Ther-Betty; there *is*, therefore, Ther-Zeethert.

20. An *an*-tick (not antic) and *to*-tick on the line, and the rest near and below, may express *an con-*, *to con-* or *com-*, as, and conform; to confer; and combat. This when the article is not joined, and the *con* implied.

21. A *dot* on the line may be used for a *period*, if the *ticks* are used for the articles, *a*, *a-nd*, and *the*.

22. *Ing thr* may omit the disjoined heavy tick, and be expressed by a joined *ther* tick, or a double-length, omitting the *ing*, as, doing there, Deether; having there, Vee-Jetty. See Rule 6.

23. *Ing* between other words may be omitted, or expressed by writing the following word immediately after, disjoined.

(To be continued.)

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

SACRED MONKEYS.

IT is well known that the bull and the cow are considered sacred in India, as indeed they were in Egypt, too. Besides these, the peacock is revered by the natives of the same country, and is generally carried in procession at their religious festivals. Further, the monkey comes in for a share of their superstitious regard; and in some parts of India hundreds of these animals are daily fed at certain temples. The origin of this superstitious feeling in reference to monkeys is traceable to a legend in their mythology. Reference is thus made to it by Mr. Russell, in his work, "My Diary in India." He says: "On going to the church at Cawnpore to-day I was struck by an enormous pile on an open space, near the camp, between it and the fort, which on examination I found to be a figure seventy or eighty feet in height, and on a scale of equal breadth, representing an idol with a prodigious head and many arms. This is the giant Ravan, who, having fled to Ceylon with his wife, Rama, was killed by that hero-god in an invasion, in which the latter was aided by the monkeys of the island. Ever since, the monkeys have been specially honored and regarded as sacred by the Hindoos."

From their sacred character they are, of course, unmolested; and are even suffered to commit most extensive ravages with impunity. Village streets may be seen, all the trees in which are crowded with monkeys, and frequently these descend and help themselves to the wares of the native shopmen, who will not interfere to prevent them. Mr. Ward relates that, "About twenty years ago (*i. e.*, about 1815), the Rajah of Nudeeya (in Bengal) spent one hundred thousand rupees in marrying two monkeys, with all the parade common to Hindoo marriages." It would appear that before that time none of that species of monkey had been seen in that district; but "now," he says, "they are so numerous that they devour almost all the fruit of the orchards, as the inhabitants are afraid of hurting them."

A correspondent mentions his seeing some of these sacred monkeys in the north of Oude, during Lord Clyde's campaign against the rebel Sepoys. He says: "The roads are full of them. They are on the tops of walls and houses, and in the groves and round the convoy, and by the tanks, always in the best places, never shaggy or ragged, and universally respected by their fellow-inhabitants."

The different treatment these monkeys received from Europeans, as compared with the natives, and the way they conducted themselves under it, is humorously related in the same narrative.

"They (the monkeys) live," he says, "in high esteem among the citizens, and treat pariahs and Europeans with profound and contemptuous indifference, till they become aware of the general propensity of the latter to shy bricks at them. It is curious to watch an old patriarchal baboon when he learns, for the first time in his life, that he is exposed to personal outrage. Projectile number one, which goes near him, he affects to believe the result of some extraordinary accident, and continues his examination of his person, or that of a friend, with as much dignity as the avocation will permit him to exhibit. At the second brick, or paving-stone, however, his faith in the doctrine of probability is shaken; he rouses himself, stands up, and makes a menacing face at the aggressor. But as the plan of attack develops itself, and brick number three flies past, followed by number four and number five, with a chatter of rage he bounds up a tamarind-tree, shakes the branches, puts on the most hideous grimaces, and really behaves very much as a noble savage would do in the same trying position."

In some of these Indian villages the monkeys are better cared for than many of the men. We may pity the ignorant superstition of these Hindoos, and even laugh at the absurdity of their conduct; but do we, who know the true and proper object of worship, make as great sacrifices to honor and serve Him as these benighted Indians constantly show in regard to the objects of their mistaken reverence? We have just seen that the Hindoos treat as sacred the bull and the monkey, but there are many other animals that in past ages have been viewed with similar feelings of respect.

The Egyptians, in particular, have acquired a bad eminence for such degrading superstitions. Herodotus, the old Greek historian, tells us the following facts respecting the Egyptians:

"Egypt," he says, "though bordering on Libya, does not abound in wild beasts; but all that they have are accounted sacred, as well those that are domesticated as those that are not. In whatever house a cat dies a natural death all the family shave their eyebrows only; but if a dog dies they shave the whole body and the head. All cats that die are carried to certain sacred houses, where, being first embalmed, they are buried in the city of Bubastis. All persons bury their dogs in sacred vaults within their own city, and ichneumons are buried in the same manner as the dogs. But field-mice and hawks they carry to the city of Buto; the ibis to Hermopolis; the bears, which are few in number, and the wolves, which are not much larger than foxes, they bury wherever they are found lying. With some of the Egyptians crocodiles are sacred, with others not, but they treat them as enemies. Those who dwell about Thebes and Lake Moeris consider them to be very sacred, and they each of them train up a crocodile, which is taught to be quite tame; and they put crystal and gold earrings into their ears, and bracelets upon their forepaws; and they give them their appointed and sacred food, and treat them as well as possible while alive, and when dead they embalm them, and bury them in sacred vaults. In the neighborhood of Thebes there are sacred serpents, not at all hurtful to men; they are diminutive in size, and carry two horns, that grow on the top of the head. When these serpents die they bury them in the temple of Jupiter, for it is said they are sacred to that god."

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THE ROUND TABLE.

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1. Sere-nova, Evol-u-tib, Rosemary, Elements, Numerous, O-tan-oven, Virtues-E, Abyss-net. 2. Peas-ants. 3. M, Beg, Panel, Balanus, Menagerie, Generic, Larid, Sic(k), E. 4. To-ma-to. 5. Water. 6. Immor(t)ality. 7. Grant's Return—GondaR, RhinE, AraraT, NamotU, TeaR, SedaN. 8. Shift, Hover, Ivory, Ferns, Tryst. 9. Had-dock. 10. Pig, Pen—PiP, IcE, GiN.

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2.—Oswald C. Ludwig, Decatur, Ala.

3.—Albert F. Lane, Exeter, N. H.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC

1.—SQUARE WORDS.

A VEHICLE; more difficult; Palemon's sweetheart; simpletons; an old-fashioned seat; a vowel set a second time.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Dullest and driest labor of man's brain,
Yet blended with a name few can attain;
And, added to the ranks my last commands,
A useful drudge, in every house it stands.

1. A word most difficult for some to speak,
And yet without such power all men are weak.
2. Barbarous, yet valiant, well they held their land,
When Roman conquerors stepped on British land.
3. An ancient race, whose valor minstrels sound,
Once spread through Europe, and maintained their ground.
4. Past, present, future—all my power confess,
The schoolboy's watchword, pianist's distress.
5. The marked condition which some spirits prove,
Foul foe to peace, to comfort and to love.
6. A Russian port, much guarded by the State,
Which war's sad records made well-known of late.
7. Rough and unpolished, of uncertain weight,
But still of value, be it small or great.
8. A benediction of such common use,
We're apt its sacred meaning to abuse.
9. A happy boundary placed by Nature's hand,
Checking its dissensions between land and land.
10. The time of old, traditions of past years,
The lore of history welcome to all ears.

W. H.

3.—SQUARE WORDS.

My travels are but few, but they are such
As may be interesting unto you;
For in my travels I've both met with Dutch,
The sons of wild first, and the rich Hindoo.

I've seen the Esquimaux in Iceland drear,
Beheld them e'en within their icy home;
I've seen our noble conquerors without fear,
Yes, e'en the second, sons of noble Rome.

The swarthy black I've seen 'neath southern sun,
Toiling from morn till night. Sad tales I've heard
Against that race; but my distrust is done,
And to that tortured race I'll make my third.

Through Italy I've been, that famous land;
I've seen its beauties, and its brigands, too.
Yes, though it may be picturesque and grand,
You're never sure when you a fourth may view.

I've seen a noble fifth in all his pride,
And proud he is when under no restraint;
With graceful mien, he walks with stately stride,
In all his pride of feathers, beads, and paint.

I've seen—— But stay! no matter what I've seen;
Your patience now no longer will I try,
For you will give your last (transposed), I ween,
That I'm a traveler of notoriety.

4.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The head of a bee for my first;
Something often thrown is my second;
The same third expresses at worst;
Next a wading bird is reckoned,
And in Latin and organ combine;
Seek for next far below in the mine;
A consonant last ends the line.

5.—CENTRAL DELETIONS.

Delete to grieve, and find a part of day;
An insect form, and molten rock display;
An herb, and oral treaty say;
A bishop's crown, what clogs the wagon's way.

6.—TRANSPOSITION.

Take five letters, pray, and five words portray.
Look down at the first as you walk through the street;
The second in surgical cases is meet;
The third at the opera are thrilling and sweet;
The fourth you may hear if the third you repeat;
The last's an attack by an army or fleet.

7.—CHARADE.

One of two terms for their college,
That graduates often say;
And a lair of wild beasts to your knowledge,
Will quicksilver mines display.

8.—CHARADE.

My first was as wicked as wicked could be,
For he was a kind of small devil, you see;
He second to north and to south then hied he,
But bettered or whole, not a whit, sir, was he.

9.—ENIGMAS.

You gain what you have never sought,
Then seek for it, disdaining it;
And if you should discover naught,
Your journey home retaining it.

10.—PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION ACROSTIC.

See page 28.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

DEAR TO EVERY HEART.

Doctor Lilienthal recently stepped into a schoolroom during a recitation in geography, and was invited by the teacher to ask the class a few questions. He courteously complied.

"What is the capital of Michigan?"

"Lansing," was the prompt answer.

"What is the largest city in Michigan?"

"Detroit."

"Where is the great University of Michigan located?"

"At Ann Arbor."

"What is the capital of Pennsylvania?"

"Harrisburg."

"What is the largest city in Pennsylvania?"

"Philadelphia."

"What building is there in Philadelphia that is dear to the heart of every patriotic American citizen?"

That was a poser; the class was troubled, but made no answer. The doctor repeated the question.

"I know," said a little fellow on a back seat, as he stretched up his arm to its full length.

"Tell us what it is, then, my boy," said the doctor.

"*The Mint*," was the confident answer.

"I DECLARE, mother," said a pretty little girl in a pretty little way, "it is too bad. You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy."

THE following has appeared in a very Irish paper: "Purse lost by a poor widow woman, who has a sick child containing thirteen shillings and a letter." No wonder that the child is unwell, if it has swallowed the articles enumerated; so would anyone be if subject to "bobs" on the chest. With regard to the literary contents of this ill-behaved juvenile, it is evidently a case of love of learning, since the child has tried inwardly to digest its letters.

A VISITOR elegant, apperceiving the little girl of the house, her says: "How carriest thou thyself, dear little?" "Very well, thank you," responds the infant. Then the visitor adds: "And meanwhile it must demand of me how I myself carry." The infant, with candor: "I do not care how you do."

ONLY a boy; but he chanced to crawl
Through a little rent of the circus wall,
And, taking breath, he stood bravely up
Till the clown came in with skip and hop.

Only a boot; but it chanced that day
That that there boot bore down that way,
And the power that through that boot was sent
Lifted the boy out of that circus-tent.

AT Parker's, the other day, a cheerful-looking chap took a seat at one of the tables, and calling a waiter, said: "What have you got that's cool and crisp and nice—something seasonable?" "Pretty much everything," answered the waiter, handing him a bill of fare. "Well," said the would-be diner, rubbing his hands gleefully, "bring me some salt-pork and scraps." Fact.

OLD SALT—"Too old to manage a boat, am I? I can still row and steer and set the sails and scull——" *Doctor*—"Oh, an automaton could do all that. I believe man is but an automaton, after all." *Old Salt*—"Could a tommy-ton take the roomeytiz?"

WHO says the great battles of the world were Austerlitz, Waterloo, Metz and Gettysburg? It's false. The great battles of the world are being fought now, and in the privacy of one's own room. Musquitoes and flies are invincible warriors.

A CLEVELAND lady, who has lately passed a few weeks in Paris, always refers to her kitchen-girl as her *fille de cuisine*. Her son will insist on referring to the worthy domestic as "our pot-rassler," much to his mother's horror, but he hasn't had the benefit of a fortnight in "Paree."

HE dug his bait and off he hied
Unto the placid Schuylkill's side—
His hook sank in the wave;
He sat with basement very wet,
But only one bite did he get,
And that—musquito gave.

HER GEMS.

Oh! rich and rare were the gems she wore—
Purchased at cost at the dollar store!

THERE is a youth of six years at Natchez, Miss., who will no doubt in future years ornament the legal profession. For some piece of boyish mischief his mother recently promised him a liberal dose of slipper. In his dilemma he bethought him of his uncle, a lawyer, and went to him for legal advice, saying: "Uncle, don't you think you could get mother to continue the case? If we could get a continuance I think I could get off." The young hopeful got off.

"CAN you spell donkey with one letter?" asked a silly young man of a bright girl. "Yes," she answered—"U."

"WHERE'VE you been these two or three years?" recently asked a Connecticut man of a jovial old friend whom he met on the street. "I've been in the whaling business," was the reply. "You have?" "Yes—out West—teaching school," explained the returned wanderer.

HERE is the worst pun we have seen in six months: In Alabama they chew the tassels of the fir-trees as a substitute for tobacco, which reminds us of the adage, "Be fir-chewers and you'll be happy."

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SHARKS AND SHARK STORIES.

IT was in the Summer, several years ago, that our good ship lay idly rolling in the swell of the sea just off the mouth of a moderate-sized river in Central America. Matters were dull, and we were on the lookout for a shark we had sighted some time before. Suddenly the crew—black and white—broke into such vociferations as:

"Oh, there he is again!" "Almost as big as the cutter." "Look at this un down by the wheel."

Furnished with such special opportunity, we sought the butcher, who, provided with sufficient offal to make about half a dozen respectable mouthfuls for a shark, set-to to observe the demeanor of the animal.

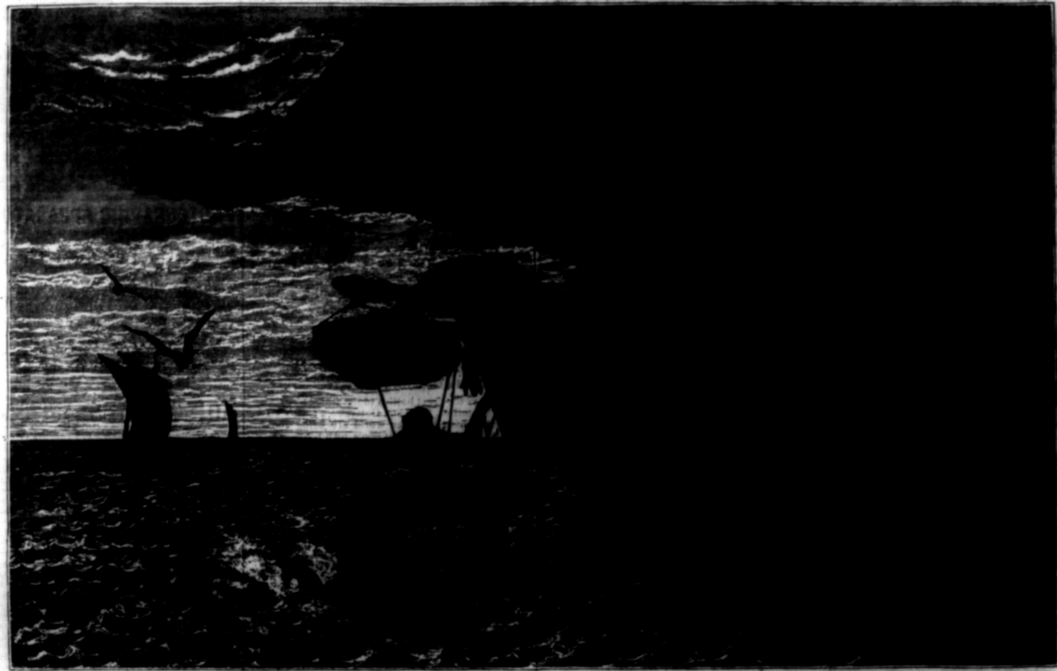
The bait had not been long on the surface of the water when a black, triangular fin appeared to leeward, coming straight up; when within about ten yards, it disappeared beneath the water, but almost instantaneously after a white flash was visible at intervals down several feet beneath the bait.

This was the white belly of the shark—not turned up to take the bait, but exhibited at intervals as he dashed in wild circles round the object of his pursuit.

And what a mouth! A morsel as large as a man's head disappeared like a spoonful of raspberry jam!

It is often admiringly stated as a fact that sharks are preceded by little fish, to act as pilot to the animal's prey.

The fact is, the pilot fish is nothing more than a parasite of the shark. He is a scaleless fish, from one to three feet in length, and is provided with a powerful sucker on the top of his head, whilst his under-jaw projects considerably beyond the upper.



SHARKS AND SHARK STORIES.—AN ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.—"AND LIFTING ITS HEAD, SNAPPED OFF ONE LEG IN A TWINKLING."

As to these fish themselves, their power of suction is so great that a moderate-sized one will draw blood through a man's skin if allowed to attach itself. Eel-like, they remain active for a long time out of their native element, and can be made to adhere to any object for many minutes.

Sharks, though not to be compared to a leg of four-year-old mutton, furnish by no means a bad dinner to a hungry man. The negroes in Central America consider young shark's tail a delicacy—a compliment said not to be returned by the sharks. The writer has tried to satisfy himself as to the accuracy of this legend in shark lore—namely, that it is only under pressure of hunger that a shark will banquet off negro, but has never been able to come to a conclusion from the evidence, as there are numerous instances of a dinner off negro being preferred when the shark had his choice.

Considering the foolhardy rashness of the negroes in bathing, it is surprising how comparatively few accidents happen. "Dive for sixpence, massa," into water where sharks have been seen the same morning; however, he will never venture in after dark.

The writer recollects, at Colon, two stokers of the mail-steamer *Tyne* taking forecastle leave one night. The ship was warped alongside the wharf, and these two men crept along the hawsers, hand-over-hand, to reach the wharf. The first got over safely; but the second slipped and fell into the water. Not at all frightened, he, in a low voice, told his companion to lower him a rope from the wharf; but he had scarcely spoken when he disappeared, and did not rise again.

That sharks will attack large boats bodily is well known. Tampico, on the coast of Mexico, is a place well known to sailors as famous for the most villainous of sharks. A large one, on one occasion, attacked a ship's boat entering the river, and shook it so as to be felt. Of course the story was pooh-poohed on being related by the officer in charge, on his return to the ship; but, shortly after, when the boat was hauled up to the davits, shark's teeth were found stuck fast on each side of her keel.

Our illustration shows the boldness of these formidable creatures. The unfortunate sailor was hanging down at the stern of a French vessel, not touching the water, and in sight of his companions, when a huge shark bounded within the floats of a seine at the rudder, and lifting its head, snapped off one leg in a twinkling. He was raised on deck, but all efforts failed to save his life.

As I write these lines sitting under the awning on deck, a dead hot calm after a broiling day, the ship swinging lazily to the current of the Tampico River, I hear a loud splash. I rush to the side and see three sharks swimming round an empty pork-barrel that the cook had just heaved overboard; in a few minutes a dozen or more will be fighting around it.

A story goes that on one occasion a shark managed to get himself into an empty cask, and having done so, that it righted, he was, so to speak, drowned.

However, I can now see the empty pork-barrel drifted a good distance away, spinning round and round under the impetus of a school of sharks. For the moment the ship's neighborhood is left to smaller fry—dog-fish, *Bonitos Barraconias*, and jelly-fish of different sorts. The prettiest of these latter are the Portuguese men-of-war (*Physalia*); iridescent like magnified soup-bubbles, they sail with the stream, with apparently as little purpose, and yet they live and feed themselves with their long tentacles. One can, however, scarcely credit them with any endownment beyond reflex action. It is curious, however, to watch them as they float slowly by, opal-like, and curious to behold their little parasite—for they have a parasite, too—as he swims in and out between the tentacles, keeping close to the roots. He is a tiny little fish, like a minnow, and apparently makes use of his friend as a trap to catch his food.

TWO PLUCKY BOYS.

PETER WESSELGARTNER, a horse-thief, and one of the most dangerous characters in the Nebraska State prison, escaped on Wednesday evening and was captured about one o'clock Thursday, by Ira Dawson, a sixteen-year-old son of the warden, and a young farm-hand by the name of Charley Burt. Concerning the capture the following from the Lincoln *Journal* will be of interest:

"Dawson says they started after Wesselgartner immediately after supper—going eastward from the penitentiary. On the farm of Mr. Bailey, three miles east of the city, they first heard of their man. At this place he partook of a hearty supper, and then proceeded eastward. A few miles further on they heard that the man had got out of a wagon close to a house, and left the road—going across the country through plowed fields. Here the brave boys took the trail and followed it perhaps a mile, when they came to a farmhouse, and distinctly heard the voices of several men inside. After securing their horses, young Dawson walked to the front door, while his companion stood guard at the back door. Dawson knocked, and when the man of the house opened the door, he inquired if 'there was a stranger in the house.' The man replied 'No.' Dawson, remarking that it was 'too thin,' bolted into the house and found his man seated at a table busily engaged in playing 'seven up.' The moment Dawson entered, Wesselgartner arose and made his way to the back door; here he was confronted by Burt, with a drawn revolver, who demanded his surrender; but the convict paid no attention to the demand, and was fast leaving the house, when both boys shouted for him to stop, or they would put a hole through him. He evidently thought his time was close at hand, for he suddenly stopped and allowed the boys to pinion his arms to his back with a halter-strap. In this plight he was compelled to walk four miles, with the boys riding behind him with drawn revolvers that did not contain a single load. At the end of four miles Wesselgartner refused to walk further, and lay down in the road. Fortunately, a farmhouse was close by, and by loudly hallooing, the farmer was aroused and came to the rescue. His horses and wagon were pressed into the service, and the convict taken back to the prison, arriving there about 3:30 yesterday morning. The prison yard door was thrown open, and once more Wesselgartner was safe.

"At this stage in the affair the deputy-warden took charge of the man and immediately escorted him to the dark cell, and as he was about opening the door Wesselgartner threw a handful of cayenne pepper into the deputy's face, blinding him for the moment; the night-guard, who was also present, brought his stick down upon the man's back, and he came to time like a major. Upon searching him a good-sized pocket-knife, with the large blade ground down like a bowie-knife, was found in the lining of his jacket.

"Taking into consideration the character of the man, the fact that he had a knife and cayenne pepper, which he may have used, it is rather remarkable that he allowed himself to be taken back to the pen without a struggle to regain his liberty. If he had known that the revolvers carried by the boys were unloaded, he no doubt would have made his escape.

"The brave little fellows who made the arrest are deserving the thanks not only of the prison officials, but every law-abiding citizen in the land."

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HOW A BOY CAPTURED A DEER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Buffalo *Commercial* tells the following story of a deer-hunt in Kentucky: "In an hour or so we first heard the distant bay of the hounds. From the cry as it continued the deer seemed to be circling around in the hills, instead of making a straight run for the river, as was usual. We remained almost stationary, not knowing which course the hunt would take, and the music became less and less, until we heard the long bay of one hound only. But to our great joy that voice seemed to be coming our way. From the length of time the game had been afoot we concluded that the dogs had become tired and left the trail, with the exception of the stanch old hound, whose voice we could occasionally hear as he unflinchingly followed the quarry. Nearer and nearer came the sound. We dismounted, tightened girths and waited. Our horses were as highly excited as ourselves, and we could with difficulty curb their impatience. We were stationed on the high road leading toward the village, and the deer was evidently running in that direction. At length he came, a noble buck, gallantly bounding through the woods in a line parallel with the road and not more than a hundred yards away from us. We put spurs to our horses and followed.

"With the party was a boy sixteen years old, who had never before seen a deer in the woods, and was almost crazed with excitement. As he rode by my side he said it looked 'as big as an elephant.' On we drove, occasionally catching a glimpse of the buck as he dashed through the woods. He was very tired. The dogs had pressed him hard, and he had probably run twenty miles before he arrived at the point where we met him. Soon the noble old hound came in sight, and as he saw us he burst into such melody that we joined him at the utmost stretch of our lungs. On we pressed, rapidly approaching the village, directly through which the chase seemed fated to take us. Soon we came to a large cornfield, which was surrounded by a 'staked and ridered' fence six feet high. We could not jump it, and looked to see where the deer had gone in. We found the place, and tearing off the top rail leaped our horses into the corn. Rushing through we arrived at the other extremity of the field just in time to see the deer attempt to jump the fence. The dog was close at his heels and sprang upon him, and catching him by the flank, prevented his leap. The poor animal was evidently worn out with his long run, but he gallantly charged the dog, and leaping over him ran gallantly back toward the point at which he had entered the field. We turned likewise, and taking different furrows among the corn, pressed our horses to the top of their speed. My little friend rode between me and our companion. He rode leaning over his horse's neck, gazing straight ahead and yelling like a madman. I thought of a raving lunatic. The corn was high and the dust so thick from the trampling of many animals that at length I could see nothing, but all at once I heard a crush, a struggle, a shout:

"'I've got him! I've got him! Come quick!'

"I rode toward the voice, and lo! the young lunatic on the ground was struggling with the deer. Fortunately, the animal was so exhausted by his long run that the boy could pretty nearly handle him; but horns, hoofs, legs, arms, boy, deer and dog were rather promiscuously mixed in a cloud of dust that enveloped them when I came in sight. I sprang from my horse and drew my hunting-knife across the throat of the animal, at the same time seizing the boy by the collar and drawing him away. After resting a few minutes he told me that, seeing the deer rush past him, he could not resist the temptation and threw himself off his horse upon the back of the hunted animal, clasping his arms round his neck. The shock threw the deer to the ground. We put the dead animal on one of the horses and rode through the village, and our young gentleman was the hero of the Springs for the rest of the season."

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GIBRALTAR.

ENGLAND has not a foot of land on the continent of Europe excepting Gibraltar, and probably never will have; but every Englishman who sails into the harbor of Gibraltar, and from the deck of the vessel looks up the sloping sides of the rocks, three miles long, feels and knows that it is worth more than any kingdom on the continent. He sees at a glance that the power which holds the Mediterranean is impregnable, and that all the navies of the world could not take it. He sees the line of granite wall stretching along the water, from the perpendicular eastern face around the western side and to the northern face, surmounted by eighty-ton guns, pointing in every direction. From the deck of the ship in the bay is the best place to get a good view of the fortress. The town consists of two parts, both situated on the western side, near the water. The residence for civilians, and for business, is on the northerly end of the western side. Then comes the parade-ground; then a beautiful park called the Alamanda, with walks, miniature lakes, bridges, rustic seats, and trees and flowers of all kinds; and then on the southwesterly side are situated the houses of the officers, and garrisons for the soldiers. The town of Gibraltar—that is, the civilians' quarters—is built on the slope which rises quite suddenly from the western side of the rock. Street rises above street, for hundreds of feet, and in the evening, when the houses are lighted, it has much the appearance of the old town of Edinburgh, viewed from the lower town. It has a population of about eighteen thousand, composed of all races under the sun, and clothed in every garb known to mankind. The largest portion of the people are Roman Catholics. Then the Jews come next in numbers; they have four synagogues. The Protestants are next in number, and then Mohammedans. The inhabitants are traders, and smuggling seems to be a chief part of their business. Eight thousand pounds of tobacco, besides immense quantities of other goods, are smuggled into Spain and Gibraltar annually, and one of the chief revenues to Spain is this English fortress. These goods are carried off from Gibraltar in small boats, at night, to the coast of Spain, where the contrabands are ready to receive them and carry them into the mountains, and thence to all parts of the kingdom.